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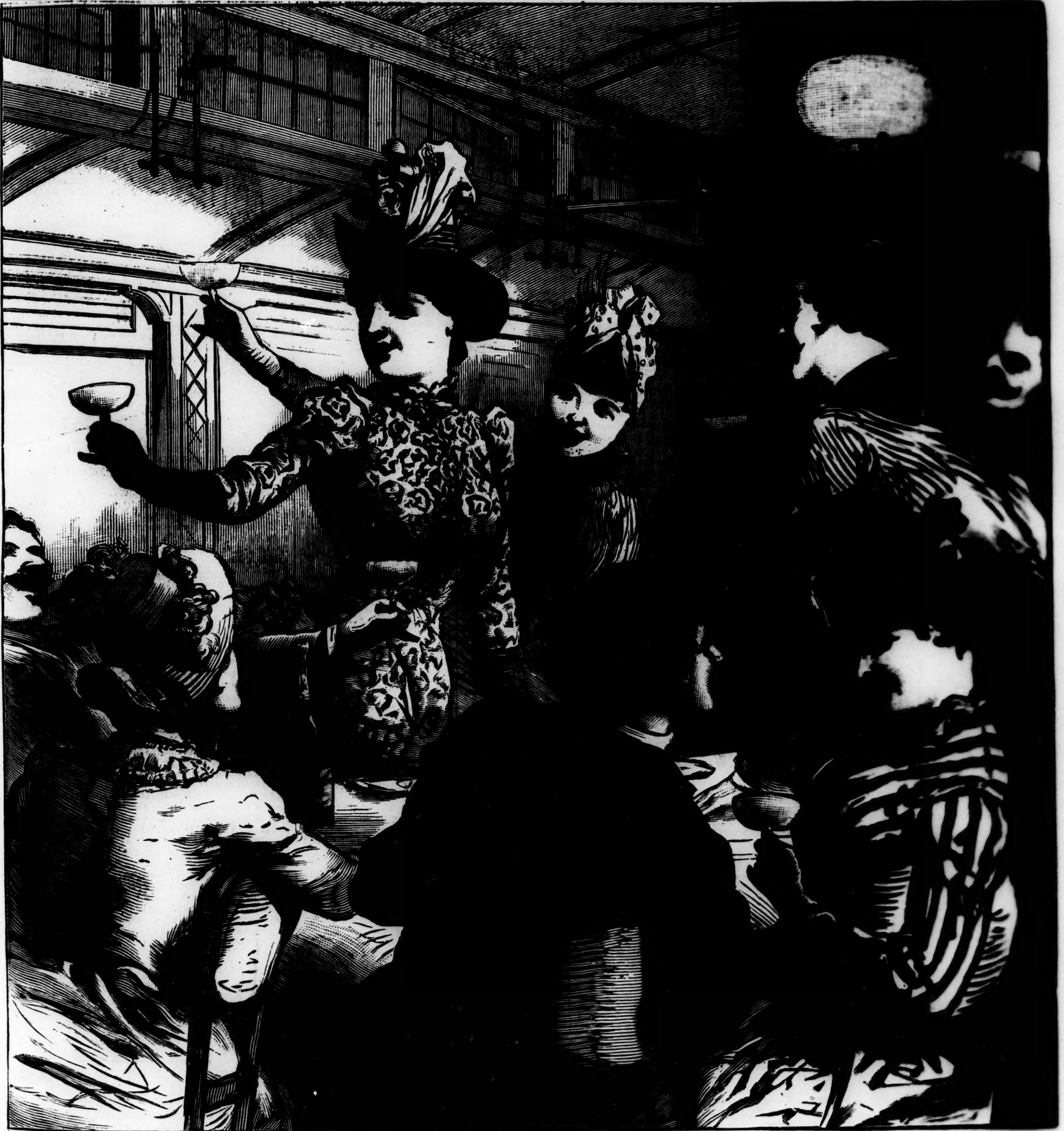
THE NATIONAL POLICE GAZETTE SULLIVAN, THE FAMOUS PUBLIST THE LE ILLUSTRATED SPORTING JOURNAL FOR.

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RICHARD K. FOX,
Editor and Proprietor.

NEW YORK, SATURDAY, MARCH 10, 1888.

17-11-25



THE JERSEY LILY'S "SPREAD OUT."

MRS. LANGTRY, THE CHARMING ACTRESS, HAS A RIGHT GOOD TIME WHILE JOURNEYING TO
-CHICAGO IN A PARLOR CAR RECENTLY.



RICHARD K. FOX, Editor and Proprietor.

POLICE GAZETTE PUBLISHING HOUSE,
Franklin Square, N. Y.

FOR THE WEEK ENDING

SATURDAY, MARCH 10, 1888.

TO OUR READERS.

If there is no news agent in your locality, or from ANY OTHER CAUSE you cannot procure the "Police Gazette," send one dollar to this office, and the paper will be regularly mailed, securely wrapped, for thirteen weeks. Agents wanted wherever there is no newsdealer. Sample copy sent free on application.

RICHARD K. FOX, Publisher.

WHO SAYS "FAKE" NOW?

Since the great Kilrain-Smith contest a certain class of persons have been trying to poison the minds of sporting men and the public concerning the result of that great battle. Though not one of these people witnessed the Kilrain-Smith mill, without any reason to justify their action, they eagerly jumped to the conclusion that it was a "fake," because it gratified their petty spite and in a measure served to malign the proprietor of this paper, who has a world-wide reputation as a business man and promoter of all athletic sports.

We never supposed for a moment that the best element of the sporting fraternity doubted that the Kilrain-Smith contest was anything but an absolutely bona fide affair from beginning to end, but assuming that we were in error, the following communication from Mr. Blakeley Hall, the talented American journalist who is now traveling abroad as a correspondent of the New York Sun, and who witnessed the Kilrain-Smith encounter, should forever settle any controversy on this point. We publish the document in question entire:

THE SMITH-KILRAIN FIGHT.

A Card from The Sun Reporter who Saw it From Beginning to End.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE SUN—Sir: A word about the Smith-Kilrain fight.

I saw it from start to finish, knew the men personally, saw them before the fight at Rouen, and afterward for two days in Paris and London. As the mill went on I made a record of every one of the 100 rounds, and I write now, after a review of this history in conjunction with other information picked up at first hand. As the press is still burdened by the authoritative and haughty opinions of men who did not see the fight, a word from an actual witness may be of value.

The assertion that the fight was a "barney," or not sincere, is nonsense, pure, bald and silly. Smith was not knocked out for the following reasons:

First—He was young, strong, perfectly trained, plucky, and almost as good a man as Kilrain.

Second—The ground was marshy, "sopping wet," and covered by a thick growth of grass at least ten inches long. It became so well matted by the feet of the pugilists after the sixth round that it was as soft as a Jersey feather bed when Smith fell on it, and he was clever enough to keep over rapidly whenever the work got too hot for him.

Third—The half-minute rest between rounds under the new prize ring rules gave Smith considerably more than an hour's rest during the mill. He needed it throughout. Kilrain did not.

Fourth—The referee showed a leaning toward his countryman. It was not dark when the fight was called. At that time Smith was weak, staggering, and so evidently beaten that his supporters had nearly all walked indifferently away from the ring, feeling that the defeat of their man was inevitable. Kilrain was firm and confident. He and Mitchell both begged for a continuance of the fight, if only for three rounds. Smith had had enough.

The Englishman fought recklessly and took every chance, because he knew that every fluke and foul would be turned to his credit by his countrymen, including the referee. On the other hand, Kilrain lost many an opportunity that might have won the fight, because he knew that the slightest irregularity on his part would be instantly turned against him.

Charles Mitchell was as staunch, true and honest a second on this occasion as ever followed a fighter into a ring. W. E. Harding did not show any unfriendliness to Kilrain.

I know nothing about the charges of conspiracy, etc., which are so prominent in the papers just now. I have small respect for the pugilists, pugilists, and schemers who make their living out of the ring to-day, but as far as the fight itself was concerned, it was unquestionably straight up and down. Both tried to win—Kilrain on his merits, Smith by hook or crook and the favor of his friends.

BLAKELEY HALL.

HOTEL SHELBOURNE, DUBLIN, Feb. 12.

The time has come for those who may still be disposed to cry "fake," in the face of this overwhelming proof to the contrary, to bring forward something stronger and more convincing than idle assertions, backed up with slander and vituperation. Talk is cheap. What the public and the sporting fraternity want are facts. But as the "fake" champions have done nothing but talk, we do not expect that they will remain silent so long as there are a few fools left who will believe their silly charges.

MASKS AND FACES

Gossip About the Players Here, There, and Everywhere.

"I see you've an eighteenth century costume," said Dudelet Van Humburg to a little Nimblelegs at the Arion ball the other night.

"Yes," answered the dancer, "it's his-his-historically correct."

"But the corsage—" interrupted the swell. "Oh, I had the corsage cut that low," poutingly continued the dare-devil in petticoats, "so as to show my necklace and my corset cover. They're nice, aren't they?"

Most of the ladies at that ball followed Miss Nimblelegs' example, and exhibited a wealth and whiteness of bosom tempting enough to make Saint Anthony forswear his vow, doff his gown, put on a swallow-tail and throw himself wildly into the whirl of pleasure.



"I wonder," remarked Gollightly, in one of the boxes, "how it is that the more men are after a woman, the more the woman is in vogue and sought."

"A fast woman," answered St. Biker, who is something of a philosopher, "is like a note in circulation, my friend. The more signatures on the back of the note, endorsing it, you know, the greater the commercial value of the note."

Fashion and Frivolity amused themselves till an early hour at the Arion. Then they drove home in cabs, and as the driver whipped his horses they sang:

"L'amour, l'amour,
Faisons l'amour,
La nuit et le jour!"

The dog show at the Madison Square Garden has interested our actresses exceedingly.

Actresses are very fond of brutes. Sometimes the brutes they pet have two legs instead of four.

Let me see if I can remember some of the ladies of the profession who fondle canine favorites.

Ada Behan has a fine collie, Rose Coghlan a shepherd, Mrs. Abbey a spitz, Verona Jarbeau a poodle, Lucy Escott a pug, Agnes Booth is proud of a King Charles. Maud Harrison romps with a Newfoundland. Rose Kerker calls her pet "Tootsey." Estelle Mortimer dubs her bull terrier "Pontiac," and Marion Erle has a two-and-a-half pound black and tan who answers to the name "Cap."

One of the finest dogs at the show was the big St. Bernard named "Pop," the property of Mrs. Harry Miner.

Marie Jansen boasts of quite a collection of canines. Who was it that sent her a dog some years ago with these verses on his collar:

"I'm the pug of a singer in opera comique,
The name by th' initials you'll guess,
If you take me home, the reward is unique—
The sight of my charming mistress!"

Leaving people who have gone to the dogs, I may note that Pauline Hall is more interested in horses. She is an excellent equestrienne. Any clear, bright day you can see her in the bridle paths of the Park on a fine, blooded mare, setting the dust and gravel flying into the faces of pursuing dudes. The exercise brings the flush of exuberant health into her face. Pauline Hall, when thus mounted, always reminds me of a saying of M. de Balzac. Next to a vessel under full sail, said he, the finest sight in the world is a beautiful woman, in amazonian robe, on the back of a high spirited steed.

The dicker birds escaped from the Casino tell me that Bertha Ricci has made a big hit in "Madelon" in Boston. All the local papers substantiate the fact. The Arionians put the opera on in their usual careful style, and the critics of the city of culture decorously clapped their gloved hands.

Of the ladies in the troupe, Ricci is decidedly the most finished artist.

Lillian Grubb is merely a bit of pink and white prettiness with an eternal simper and canary trills.

Isabelle Urquhart is merely a bit of vitalized statuary, with a fine bosom and modern frills.

Ricci has voice, action, taste, and education. Pardon my frankness, ladies, but frankness is one of my most startling characteristics.

When Evans and Hoey were perpetrating the "Parlor Match" of Mr. Charles Hoyt in Philadelphia recently, Mr. Edwin Rushton, the brilliant correspondent of the New York Dramatic News, met the players at home. "The other day Charlie Evans of the 'Parlor Match,' introduced me to his little wife," says he. "I remember now that I have passed her a number of times but never dreamed who the little creature was. Could there be so great a metamorphosis as that through which passes Innocent Kidd. On the stage with her blonde wig and short dress; and off, with her black hair, bright eye, and matronly all-round look. She was sewing or knitting a tidy when her husband proceeded into the room, and like a little major kept it up for most of the brief interview. She is about three minutes older than her sister Lena, wife of Mr. William Hoey. When asked whether she resembled Lena, she replied: 'Not much now; when we were young mother tied a red ribbon around my neck, and by this means alone she could tell 't'other from which.'"

Mrs. Evans exercises the right of superiority and command over her sister Lena, on account of these three minutes and that fatal red ribbon, and I am told the pretty twin falls in with the views of her older and more experienced sister.

Of his courtship, Charley, in the presence of his wife, told a very pretty thing. He said: "I went to see both the girls. They both looked alike, and I could scarcely tell them apart. I did not know which was which. The law was against me marrying two, so I had to marry one, but which one was the question. I waited and I waited. Finally I found that both girls quarrelled on

my account, and that Minnie quarrelled the most, and there (pointing) is the innocent kid."

Mrs. Evans spoke up: "Charley, you have no right to talk so before a stranger. You're a mean man!" Mr. Evans roared, and we changed the subject.

Have you ever considered how often and how successfully the actress, the ballet girl, the operatic diva has been made the heroine of a play?

You recall Scribe and Adrienne Lecouvreur, Sardon and Angela, Feuillet and Rosa, Tom Taylor and Peg Woffington.

Almost every time a playwright who half knows his business essays to make an actress play an actress on the stage he scores a popular success.

The public is interested not only in the actress who acts, but in the actress who is the subject of the acting.

This double interest, I take it, is the secret of the success of most plays about players.

Take the clever little play "Je dine chez ma Mere," by Adrien Decourcelle, a play translated by Charles MacLachlan, styled "I Dine with my Mother," and acted at Laura Keane's theatre over thirty years ago.

The other day Miss Marbury produced a new version of this play at the Lyceum theatre, called it "Contrast," and got a lot of amateurs to act it. The subject of the play is an actress. Decourcelle affords the heroine a chance to show her histrionic moods just as Gilbert in "Comedy and Tragedy" affords the heroine an opportunity to show hers. Diane Regnier is popular, rich and courted. Lovers throng her dressing room. Critics sing her praises. Fools give her presents. Idiots ruin themselves for her. Yet this idolized creature, on New Year's day, must dine alone.

Each of her gay visitors, the lovers, critics, fools and idiots, excuses himself with the statement: "To-day I dine with my mother." Even the waiting maid begs to be excused. She much prefers cheap wine and coarse food in her humble home to a stately repast with madame.

There's the contrast.

I alluded to Rosa, the ballet girl with whom the Baron de Cheval falls in love in the "Parisian Romance" of Octave Feuillet.

I saw Johnstone Bennett, the young woman who made such a pronounced hit as the maid, Sally, in Mr. Mansfield's "Monsieur," play the part a short time ago. She did not make much out of it.

A ballet girl at the Grand Opera of Paris is a more elegant, a less prosy, a more graceful and easy body than the one impersonated by Miss Bennett.

The ballet girl I saw was a cross between a saleswoman who goes to Coney Island, and an adventuress who dabbles in Wall street.

She had not the indefinable aroma of the foyer de danse of the Opera House on the Rue Scribe about her skirts.

Miss Bennett should get a few points from Maud Harrison, who played the part at the Union Square, or from Lilli Petri, who played the ballet girl when Niemann Raabe appeared in "Angela" at the Star not long ago.

Heinrich Conried will, I hear, keep Lilli Petri in this city to play ingenue parts, and he deserves the thanks of the state for doing so. Conried has also kept others of the Niemann Raabe support to form the nucleus of a stock company.

Barnay will soon open at the Academy, and then we will have a series of classic plays interpreted by a great actor.

Manager Murtha told me not long ago that many a time when Barnay played at the Thalia he used to go across the street from the Windsor to listen to him. "I don't understand German," remarked the genial manager, "but I understand good acting. I remember when Barnay played Hamlet he introduced a neat bit of business. When, in his interview with Polonius, he asks the courtier whether he sees yonder cloud, he did not, like most impersonators of Hamlet, go to the footlights and point at the ceiling. Barnay took Polonius to a stage window, opened it, and pointed out of that."

The active and irrepressible John W. Hamilton and the long, lank and cadaverous looking Herrmann, the prestidigitator, (to be continued in our next) took lunch at Delmonico's the other day.

Hamilton was much surprised, when he came to the dessert, to find his scarf pin in a banana into which he was biting.

Herrmann laughingly informed his astonished guest that he had deftly taken that scarf pin from him before they had been at table ten minutes.

"Mr. Barrymore, you don't know your lines!"

"Mrs. Langtry, I know my lines well enough to play with such an actress as you are!"

This, I understand, was the conversation that caused the trouble between Maurice Barrymore and Lily Langtry.

But who can get at true inwardness of a theatrical quarrel?

It is almost as hard to find as an ingenious ingenue or an unpadding chorus girl.

Langtry has also had a row with Nadage Doree, the young woman who played the maid, Felicie, in "As in a Looking Glass," and often got better notices and more applause than the star. The row was about salary, and was finally settled. Doree was paid and told to go.

That reminds me.

In the last act of "As in a Looking Glass," in the scene where Lena Despard gives her final instructions and in writing settles her accounts with Felicie, a little comedy used to take place between Langtry and Doree, into which the audience was not initiated.

The two actresses simply "guyed" each other.

Langtry, who was thought by the spectators to be suffering terrible agony, would write on the scrap of paper before her, "Je t'aime bien, va!" and Doree would whisper in an undertone: "Et moi, donc!"

"I love you so much!" and "How much I love you!" Now there is no love lost between them and, though they both live on the same street when in town, they will never again speak as they pass by.

Deshler Welch, the editor of that pretty weekly, The Theatre, showed me a letter which he received from St. Paul the other day.

"Probably the most eccentric and remarkable performance of Dixey's 'Adonis' ever given, took place at St. Paul. While the company were at Minneapolis the thermometer dropped one night to 42 degrees below zero, and the company, unused to sudden changes, did not know how to prepare for them, and as a result, principals and chorus were all afflicted with severe colds. When they reached St. Paul, ready to open Monday night, a long conference was held to decide whether to play that night or not, but an enormous house had been sold, and play they must. When the graceful Miss Tinnie's opening speech 'Come Astor' was barely recognized in 'Cub Ardea,' the audience smiled somewhat, but when Miss Summerville began to talk about

the 'Innocent village maiden,' and to do the sneezing act between each sentence, and even the versatile Dixey to use a superfluous amount of b's, d's, g's and handkerchiefs, the audience caught on and roared with merriment. When Summerville remarked that she was 'going to faint,' Dixey said, 'Give me a trochee first.' The voice of the old man in the chorus, when he tried to reach low D, flew suddenly up among the flies, and even the property hog seemed to have the asthma.

"Dixey's 'English you do' seemed to amuse him as much as the audience, and he remarked at the end of the performance that he would not go through the torture again for a red-headed girl or a white horse."

Irving and Terry are with us once more. I notice that Dr. Primrose kisses Olivia with a good deal more effusion and frequency than fond papas in real life kiss pretty and graceful daughters.

Dutton Cook tells us somewhere that when Edwin Booth played Othello in London to Terry's Desdemona and Irving's Iago, Terry was not at all given to osculation.

She was a most retiring and decorous Venetienne. But when Irving played Othello there was a sudden change.

Terry then enacted the part of Desdemona, words, embraces, kisses, for all it was worth.

The new costumes of Jeanne Granier seem to be agitating the fashionable world of Paris.

Here is one of them, the one she wears when in the "Fille de Madame Angot" she trips the light fantastic.

Imagine a short peasant dress of changeable gorge de pigeon silk, with a plain skirt and pointed low neck corsage. Around the edges of all is a band of black velvet and embroidery, on this, and continuing up on the skirt, are field flowers. There are black silk stockings and satin slippers. How's that? The hat which Granier wears is something like this. It is, of course, yellow straw, falling low on one side and standing up on the other as high as a square crown. This upturned side is waved in and out and is trimmed with knots of oats and grasses and an abundance of field flowers.

The dress was made by Laferriere, and the hat was created, as they say, by Virot.

Granier, by the way, is a thoroughbred.

On one occasion she ordered twenty bottles of champagne at the Cafe Helder, poured them into a tank, and out of devilry, in the presence of ten or twelve young bloods gave the Anzora cat which accompanies her everywhere a bath in the bubbling liquid.

Sorry to hear that Kate Castleton wants a divorce from Harry Phillips, and that Eugenie Blair sues for a divorce from Forrest Robinson. Almost as sorry as to hear that Jennie Yeamans is out again in "Our Jennie," one of the poorest soubrette plays I ever saw.

And, by the way, now that Miss Yeamans has met with considerable ill luck on the road and in town she may have learned how to be a little more charitable to colleagues in art.

I remember last summer seeing Miss Yeamans in the audience at a performance of the play "Desperate Straits" at Tony Pastor's, laughing and speaking aloud and unmercifully guying the actors and actresses on the stage.

How do you feel yourself, Miss Yeamans, when things go wrong, eh?

One of the most interested and interesting beings at a professional matinee is Louise Dillon.

I watched her at that given by Mr. Jefferson and Mrs. Drew.

Her mobile face was a study. She seemed to feel all the emotions depicted behind the footlights. Her trim little figure was perfectly still. Her hands were folded in her lap. No one would have suspected, looking at her in the orchestra chair there, that that was Louise Dillon, the merry, thoughtless, artless debutante, the actress who can arrange the train of her dress as well as she can roll off a sofa, the artist who can play heavy emotional business as well as sympathetic girl roles.

Following the example of Miss Coffin, who pursued Kyrie Bellew with a pistol, a young woman by the name of Clara Morrison has been hunting up William L. Lykens, manager for Maggie Mitchell, and the other day apparently sought his money or his life. She was arrested. "I was born in Pittsburgh," said she, "and made Lykens' acquaintance two years ago. He said he would teach me to be an actress. I loaned him money. I bought him a pair of diamond sleeve buttons, and when I came to his boarding house and asked for satisfaction, Lykens put me out and tore my silk dress." It is alleged that Mr. Lykens denies the "soft impeachment," and considers Miss Morrison a crank with a taste for liquor and an itch for stage notoriety. There the matter rests.

When I saw Mr. Lewis in the role of Bottom kissed by Miss Shannon as Titania, at Daly's the other night, I couldn't help thinking of the absurd yarn that ran the rounds of the papers some years ago that Georgia Cayvan had, at some reception or other, kissed General Butler. I wonder how that yarn started.

And imagine how jealous the husband of "The Wife," now so successfully running at the Lyceum, would be if there were a thread of truth in the yarn.

I am glad to learn that "Bevenuta," the new comic opera of the well-known playwright and journalist, Col. Milliken, will soon be produced at the Tivoli Opera House, in San Francisco. The libretto reads well. The dialogue and verses are pithy and original. In one of the acts, I don't remember exactly where, a dude comes out and sings a topical song. One of the verses goes like this:

"I went down to Sheepshead Bay,

Don't you know.

On a sure tip made a play,

Don't you know.

As I watched him thro' my glass,

First the wire I thought he pass—

But he stooped to nibble grass,

Don't you know!"

ROSEN.

THE JERSEY LILY'S "SPREAD OUT."

[SUBJECT OF ILLUSTRATION.]

Mrs. Langtry gave a dinner to a number of her friends in her car late last night, says a special to the N. Y. Sun from Chicago, Feb. 20. Coghlan, Gebhard and a dozen other actors, actresses and admirers were present and enjoyed themselves thoroughly.

WHAT THE PARIS "MORNING NEWS" SAYS.

The Paris (France), Morning News says: "The business of the POLICE GAZETTE is no sinecure. It has been in existence fifty years, and its circulation is over 150,000 each issue."

THIS WICKED WORLD.

Samples of Man's Duplicity
and Woman's Worse
Than Weakness.



Mrs. George M. Wilder.

Of Cheyenne, Wyoming Territory, was recently arrested on the charge of assaulting her husband. He called to see her at the house of a neighbor, when she threw a mixture of red pepper and nitrate of silver into his face, which, although it did not burn out his eyes, has perhaps disfigured him for life. Mrs. Wilder's portrait appears above.

FATAL FIGHT BETWEEN SCHOOL BOYS.

[SUBJECT OF ILLUSTRATION.]

Eddie Meute, a mere child, recently died on Hamilton pike, in Cumminsville, O., from injuries inflicted by two little boy companions. A quarrel had occurred between the boys on their way from school. Eddie was held down by little Walter Schildmann, while Albert Ristner kicked him, from the effects of which he subsequently died.

ASSASSINATED BY MASKED MEN.

Henry Royle, an aged negro, living some 6 miles from Tucker, Ark., was foully assassinated on the 22d ult., at his home, by unknown parties. The only evidence of the deed is the statement of his children, who saw the murder. They state that in the night several men came up to the house and tried to push a rifle through a crack in the side of the building. Not succeeding, they fired through at Royle with a pistol, hitting him. They then ordered the children out of the house and fired a volley into his body, finishing their bloody work. Then they rode away.

GETTING IN SHAPE FOR MITCHELL.

[SUBJECT OF ILLUSTRATION.]

In our last issue we published a full-page illustration showing how the great American boxer is being handled by his trainers preparatory to his coming encounter with Charley Mitchell of London, which is to take place in March, and which is just now absorbing the attention of sporting men throughout the world. We publish this week a double-page illustration giving a most striking and life-like picture of the redoubtable John L. as he appears in a training attitude. This will, no doubt, be appreciated by our readers.

ELOPED AND DIED TOGETHER.

Charles Wingard and Annie Fox, uncle and niece, while in jail at Alliance, O., for eloping from Monroe, Mich., committed suicide by shooting. The Michigan officers had just arrived and had a talk with the prisoners, who asked a few minutes in which to decide whether or not to return to Michigan without a requisition. The officers left the jail to give them an opportunity to consult. On returning shortly the officers found that the two had locked themselves in a cell and shot themselves with a pistol. The details of the deed will never be known. The girl died almost instantly. Wingard is still living, but cannot survive.

FRIGHTENED PLAYGOERS.

[SUBJECT OF ILLUSTRATION.]

The railing supporting the gallery in the People's theatre, at Youngstown, O., gave way on the evening of Feb. 18, as the curtain was about going down, precipitating the occupants to the floor below, a distance of fifteen feet. The people underneath heard the cracking in time to nearly all escape, but Mrs. James Turley was caught by the debris and so badly injured about the head and chest that she may die. Two boys had their arms broken and many persons received painful injuries. A panic was only averted by the presence of mind of the Baldwin Theatre Company, which was playing at the place.

STUDENT KILLED BY AN UMPIRE.

A terrible tragedy took place at Chattanooga, Tenn., on the baseball grounds of the Chattanooga University on Feb. 22, while a game of ball was in progress between the students. J. C. Johnson, of Soddy, Tenn., a spectator and also a student, took exception to a ruling of Umpire Ben Magill. Magill picked up a baseball bat and hit Johnson a terrible blow on the left side of the head, fracturing his skull from the temple to the back of the head, from which he died at seven o'clock the same evening. The killing has caused the most intense excitement and deputy sheriffs started in pursuit of Magill, who fled to Georgia, which is only four miles distant from Chattanooga.

OFF FOR THE GREAT MATCH.

[SUBJECT OF ILLUSTRATION.]

Mr. Harry Phillips, the well known sporting man of Montreal and backer of John L. Sullivan in his approaching contest with Charley Mitchell, who returned from abroad a short time since to visit his home in Montreal, took his departure for Europe on board the

steamship Servia, of the Cunard Line, on Saturday, Feb. 25, for the purpose of witnessing the great fistic encounter alluded to. On another page we present an illustration showing Mr. Phillips on board the Servia taking leave of his friends previous to sailing. Thos. J. Montgomery, Frank Beckwith and Charles Leonais accompanied him. Phillips said that the fight between Sullivan and Mitchell will be decided before March 15 on French or Spanish soil.

OH, YOU BAD, BAD GIRL.

[SUBJECT OF ILLUSTRATION.]

A very amusing incident occurred a few nights ago in a prominent female seminary located in the suburbs of Cincinnati.

One night about two o'clock one of the stately duennas that guard the school was roaming the corridors on the *qui vive* for any suspicious sights or sounds. The halls were dimly lighted with gas. Suddenly turning a corner, this ancient dame saw some one shrink into a doorway. She sniffed the air suspiciously and triumphantly. At last she was to catch some of the girls at their pranks.

To her unutterable amazement and horror, a young man darted out of the doorway and sped down the hall. She started in full cry after the rapidly retreating figure. The young man stopped, opened a door quickly and darted in.

She had spotted the door carefully and rushed up to it. Listening intently she heard sounds of some one skurrying softly about the room. The room was that of a tall, handsome girl from Kentucky who was the life of the school, and therefore not much of a favorite with this teacher, who was opposed to "life" in every form.

"Jennie! Jennie!" she called, knocking loudly at the door. "Where is that man?"

"What man?" asked the Kentucky belle, in surprised accents.

"It is no use for you to prevaricate or protest, Miss Jennie. I saw him come in at your unlocked door and I know he must still be here."

The teacher lighted the gas, and with a baleful light in her eyes proceeded to a thorough search of the room. She looked everywhere that a human being could be concealed and many places where a mouse could not be hidden, but there was neither hide nor hair of a man to reward her patient search.

The teacher did not abandon her belief in the existence of that man simply because she could not find him. But she kept the midnight encounter all to herself and bided her time.

Upon investigation a pair of men's trousers was found in the suspected pupil's room. A coat soon followed and then a felt hat. These things the teacher waved triumphantly in the air. She had not found the man, but she had found the next thing to him.

The Kentucky girl sat on the other side of the room with a sarcastic grin on her face. The principal looked at her and said:

"Miss Jennie, where is the man whose clothes you have hidden in your bed?"

The girl laughed, then said: "I don't know exactly where my brother is just now. But this is a suit of his that I brought back with me Christmas!"

The fair masquerader will return home immediately as a penalty for her practical joke.

FLOGGED BACK TO LIFE.

[SUBJECT OF ILLUSTRATION.]

W. E. Brereton, wife and son, 9 years old, living in Holt county, Neb., started with a team and sleigh to visit his brother four miles away, a few hours before the storm struck the country. They were within half a mile of their destination when the storm struck them in full force. The horses, blinded by the wind and snow, became unmanageable, ran into a gully and upset the sleigh. Mr. Brereton unhitched his horses and turned them loose, and decided to remain where he was, hoping the storm would abate in a few hours. The gully was of sufficient depth to afford some shelter. The sleigh bed was dragged to the least exposed point, and with the hay it contained and a few blankets the family were fairly comfortable. About midnight Mrs. B. and the child were so numbed by the cold that they lost hope, and resigned themselves to the sleep that knows no waking. Mr. Brereton was almost distracted. He wrapped them tight in blankets and rolled them around in the sleigh with the strength of desperation, but no answer came to his repeated calls. Maddened by the steady approach of death, he grasped the whip and began to beat both his wife and child, yelling like a wild man with every blow. He plied the whip with cruel vigor, until both answered to his call and begged for mercy. The appeal had scarcely been made when loud shouts were heard in the distance. There were promptly returned, and in a few minutes a rescuing party was upon them. It was Mr. Brereton's brother and two sons.

A LOVER'S CHASTISEMENT.

[SUBJECT OF ILLUSTRATION.]

Charles Wyndham is a young school teacher at present in charge of a school near St. Joseph, Mo. While there has been no expressed preference on his part, it is generally understood that the daughter of old Farmer Warren, the richest man in all that section, is his favorite among the young ladies. So intimate have they become that he has been in the habit of escorting her when she went to church or party or picnic, and effectually kept at a distance a dozen or more of the beaux of the neighborhood who would have given their lives almost for a smile or an approving glance from her.

The usual result followed. The disappointed lovers united against the common enemy and made up their minds to drive him from the community, being careful, however, to keep their own counsel. At first he received anonymous communications, advising him, with more emphasis than good grammar, to leave. He paid no attention to them, and others followed, intimating that he was taking his life in his hands by remaining. One night recently, when he was returning home from school, he was waylaid by masked men, who tied him to a tree and horsewhipped him on his bare back. His persecutors are unknown, but young Wyndham is satisfied who they are.

HE WAS A MAD INDIAN.

[SUBJECT OF ILLUSTRATION.]

Deaf Bull, a sub-chief and medicine man among the Crow Indians, who was captured with seven others by Gen. Ruger last fall, made an attack on two of his companions recently that may prove fatal.

The eight captive braves occupied a large room in the military prison at Fort Snelling. Deaf Bull got hold of a big knife and made an onslaught on the entire party. The Indians let out wild yells that aroused the whole garrison. The sentinels about the prison gave the alarm and a detachment was sent inside.

Deaf Bull had by that time caught two of the braves, Crazy Head and Man-who-looks-with-his-ears, and laid open their throats and stabbed them in the arms and sides and they lay on the floor bleeding.

When the soldiers got inside he made a break at them and was felled by the butt of musket. He got up and jumped on Corporal Holly but was knocked down and overpowered, not, however, until he had slashed his knife into his throat, cutting a serious wound.

SENSATIONS OF THE WEEK.

[SUBJECT OF ILLUSTRATION.]

A double tragedy occurred in Bald Knob Township, near St. Louis, Mo., recently. Thomas Waltham suddenly returned home, suspecting his wife's fidelity, and found proof in the presence of Jim Blakeney in his bedroom. Blakeney tried to get out, and shot Waltham three times and one of Waltham's children once. The injured husband shot and killed Blakeney and then fell mortally wounded. The child may recover.

A thrilling feat was witnessed on the Yellowstone river, between Dry Fork and Red Water rivers, not long ago, when Dick Rock, a celebrated buffalo hunter, rode a wild buffalo. At the crack of the rifle Rock on his horse sped like the wind to the fallen cow, and quickly dismounting sprang upon the brute's back, who had already recovered consciousness, and away they went full tilt after the balance of the herd, which were about a quarter of a mile distant. His large spurs, which he had sunk deep in the cow's sides, served to enable him in retaining his seat, while it served also to irritate the brute. She belowed and bucked in a frightful manner while Rock applied the "quirt."

They were soon among the herd of buffalo and remarkable as it may appear, the other buffaloes did not seem frightened at coming in contact with a man, but, on the contrary, endeavored to unseat him by hooking viciously at his legs. The balance of the boys soon separated Rock and his animal from the rest of the herd and ran them in a circle until time was called, when a half-breed named Baptiste shot the buffalo, and Rock laid down on the ground for about twenty minutes to search for his lost wind, that had been completely pumped out of him by the terrible bucking and jolting that he had received. His legs were badly bruised from the horns of the herd. But thereafter his ability to ride was never questioned, and the palm was accorded to him as the "boss" buffalo rider.

Mrs. Irene Parke, wife of a boss painter living in South Washington, D. C., a few days ago attempted to kill her two children Louise and Daisy, aged respectively twelve and seven years. Mr. Parke, when he returned home in the evening, noticed that his wife acted strangely, and, afraid to go to sleep, remained awake until after one o'clock in the morning. He fell asleep and was awakened by a noise, and running to the children's room met her, when she raised a hatchet. He threw her to the floor, but she soon gained her feet and grabbed him by the throat. A life and death struggle ensued, but she was quieted, and he turned to the children, and she reached for the lighted lamp to throw, but he was watching her too closely. He succeeded in getting her to walk out, and got her to the police station. She said she had intended to kill the whole family and then herself. The younger child received seven cuts across her head, which were made by the hatchet, and the mother attempted to cut the throat of the other with an old case knife, but it was not sharp enough.

The Edgar House at Cincinnati, O., is alleged to be one of the toughest and most notorious places of assignation in that city. It was regarded as such an eyecore to the immediate vicinity that a raid was made upon it a few nights ago by the police. In a room on the top floor was found a young woman whose appearance and elegant clothing indicated that she was socially much above the other captured inmates of the den. Her companion also was handsomely dressed and much on the "swell" order. The girl pleaded her respectable family connections, and falling on her knees burst into tears, and pitifully pleaded with the stern Sergeant to have mercy and let her go and save her from disgrace. She and her companion were sent down stairs to take their places with the other prisoners, but somehow in the confusion both escaped the vigilant raiders.

YOUR MONEY OR YOUR LIFE.

[SUBJECT OF ILLUSTRATION.]

Mrs. Andrew Epstein, who lives upstairs over the cigar store and factory of her husband at No. 113 East Ninth street, New York, was washing dishes in her kitchen shortly after seven o'clock a few evenings ago, when she heard two short barks from her pet dog upstairs. Mrs. Epstein went up and was met by the dog, which turned back and led her to the second-story front room. There she was confronted by a medium-sized masked man, who carried a loaded revolver of the bulldog pattern in one hand and a knife in the other. Upon asking what he was doing in her apartments the burglar replied that if Mrs. Epstein did not keep still he would kill her. She told him to leave at once, whereupon, presenting the revolver to her head, he said:

"I will give you three minutes to tell me where the best of your stuff is."

Mrs. Epstein, thoroughly frightened, told him she would show him where her money was. She led him to a back room a few steps downward, where they found her husband. Mr. Epstein, upon seeing the masked man with the revolver pointed at his wife's head, at once sprang upon the intruder, when a desperate struggle ensued, in the course of which both fell downstairs together. The burglar was finally captured.

BREAD OR BLOOD.

A special from Billings, Mont., Feb. 19, says: About eighty laborers on the defaulting Rocky Fork Railway, who are being fed by the commissioners of Yellowstone county for the past month, were told no more meals would be furnished. They organized last night and threatened Omar Hoskins, the Chairman of the Board of Commissioners, with summary treatment unless more meals were provided. As he had no authority to involve the county further, he was forced to do so at his personal expense to escape violence. The condition of affairs at present is shameful. One hundred men, with no visible means of support, are in this town of 1,200 inhabitants, and threaten riot unless fed. They all have money due them from the Rocky Fork Road. As no one can be found who is responsible, the citizens are the sufferers. Threats of all kinds are freely made, and the townspeople fear arson and other outrages. The Directors of the Rocky Fork and Cook City road are held personally responsible for the condition of affairs, as a few thousand dollars would pay the pressing claims. The climax will be reached in a day or two, as the Commissioners have now guaranteed the payment of \$1,500 for meals, and refuse to give more. The men have got to live, and it is feared will commit violence to accomplish their object.

OUR PORTRAITS.

The Men and Women Who
Find Pictorial Fame in
These Columns.



S. A. Poe.

This gentleman, whose portrait is given above, is a prominent sporting man, breeder of thoroughbred Shetland ponies and dog fancier of Du Quoin, Ill. He was three years captain of the Du Quoin Reds, a baseball nine that was second to no amateur club in that part of the country. His office is the rendezvous for sporting men, among whom he has a large acquaintance throughout Illinois and Missouri.

Charley Mitchell.

The well-known English pugilist, who is matched to meet Sullivan in a fistic encounter in March, for a purse of \$5,000. His portrait appears on another page.

August Hetske.

Whose portrait appears on another page, was recently convicted, at Chicago, Ill., of murder in the first degree on the charge of beating his little step-son, Max Gilman, to death. The case has excited much interest in Chicago.

George M. Moore.

Mitchell's backer in the forthcoming great contest between him and John L. Sullivan, the famous American pugilist, is a native of New York. He is proprietor of the St. James Hall Minstrels and the famous Washington Music Hall at Battersea.

Ralph Lee.

On another page, we publish a portrait of Ralph Lee, who was sentenced to eighteen months' imprisonment by Judge Clifford of Chicago on Feb. 13, for the murder of his step-father, R. W. Rawson, a crime he confessed to having committed. The lightness of the prisoner's sentence was obviously because the crime was partially justified.

Jack Baldock.

Whose portrait appears on another page, will act as second to Mitchell in his contest with John L. Sullivan in March. He is one of the famous English pugilists who has engaged in many a hard fought battle, and who is now classed as the best second of pugilists in England. He seconded Alf Greenfield when the latter met Jim Smith, the English champion, at Laite, France, and he was Jim Smith's second when he fought Jake Kilrain for the championship of the world.

Charles Rowell.

On another page will be found a life-like portrait of the above well-known English pedestrian and professional trainer, in whose hands the English champion is at present, preparatory to his coming encounter with John L. Sullivan, the great ex-champion of America. Rowell, it will be remembered, won the Astley belt three times and has covered 302 miles in 142 hours. He trained Kilrain in conjunction with Billy Mitchell and Charley Mitchell for his battle with Jim Smith.

John J. Delaney.

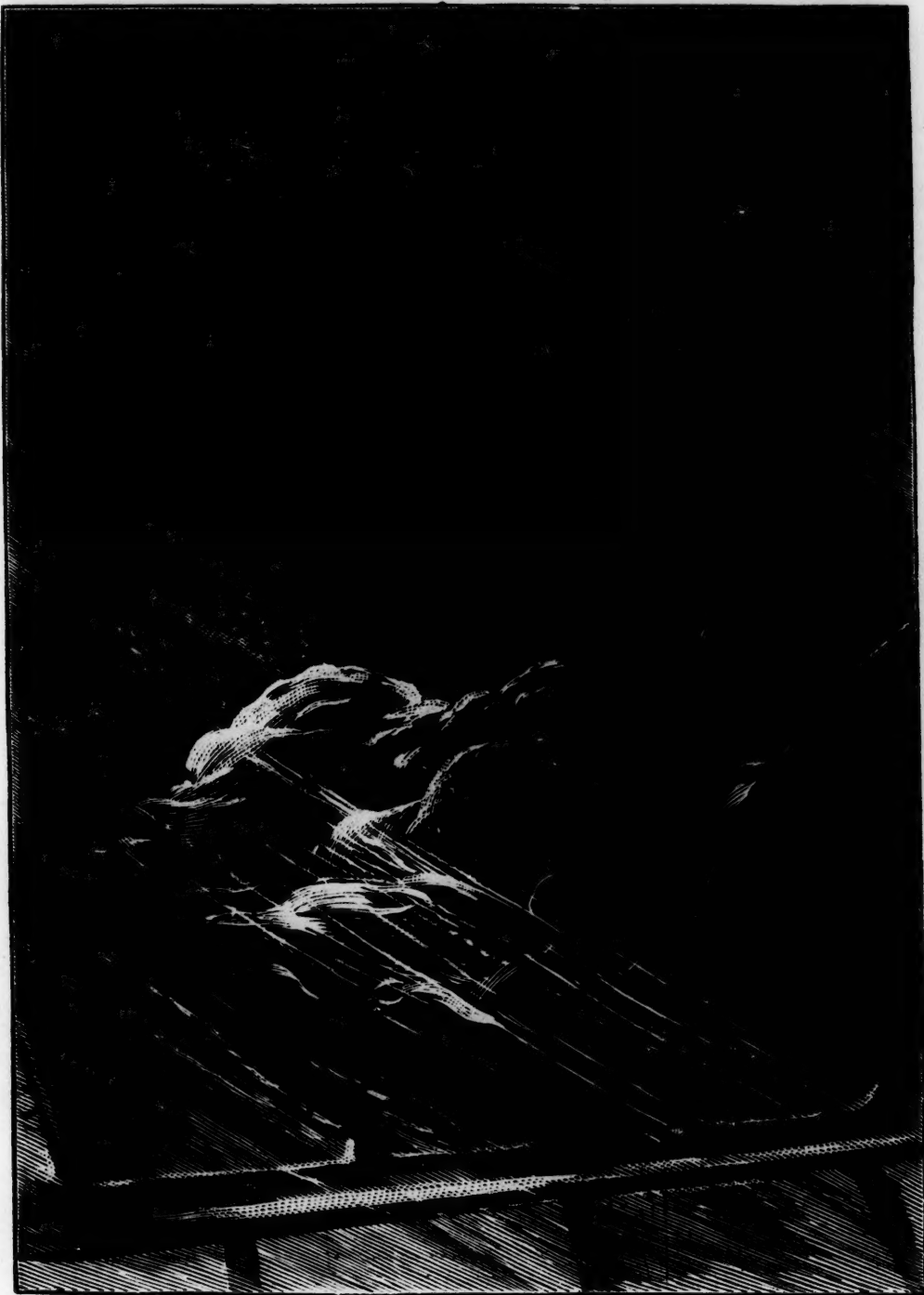
Who is only seventeen years old, was placed on trial a few days ago in Brooklyn on the charge of murdering Mary Jane Cox on June 3, 1887. This girl was found dead in the kitchen of the house where she worked, and in the pocket of her dress was found a bottle one-third filled with a preparation of arsenic. Delaney was suspected, but not indicted. Last December, however, he confessed that he had purchased the poison and had given it to Mary with the intention of getting rid of her. We publish Delaney's picture on another page.

Jake Kilrain.

One of the most popular and well-known men in theatrical and sporting circles in London, Charley Mitchell, Pony Moore's son-in-law, excepted. Jake Kilrain, who is going to fill the position of second for Mitchell, is the latter's partner and needs no introduction, for there is no pugilist living to-day any better known than the gentlemanly, quiet, unassuming champion of the arena. On Dec. 18, 1887, he made his name famous in the annals of prize ring chronology by the successful and desperate stand he made when battling for his country and the Stars and Stripes on the Island of St. Pierre against Jim Smith, England's champion, in a contest which the leading authorities on pugilism in England and America now admit was the greatest fistic encounter of modern times. We are indebted for Kilrain's photo, which appears on another page, to Elmer & Chickering, 21 West street, Boston, Mass.

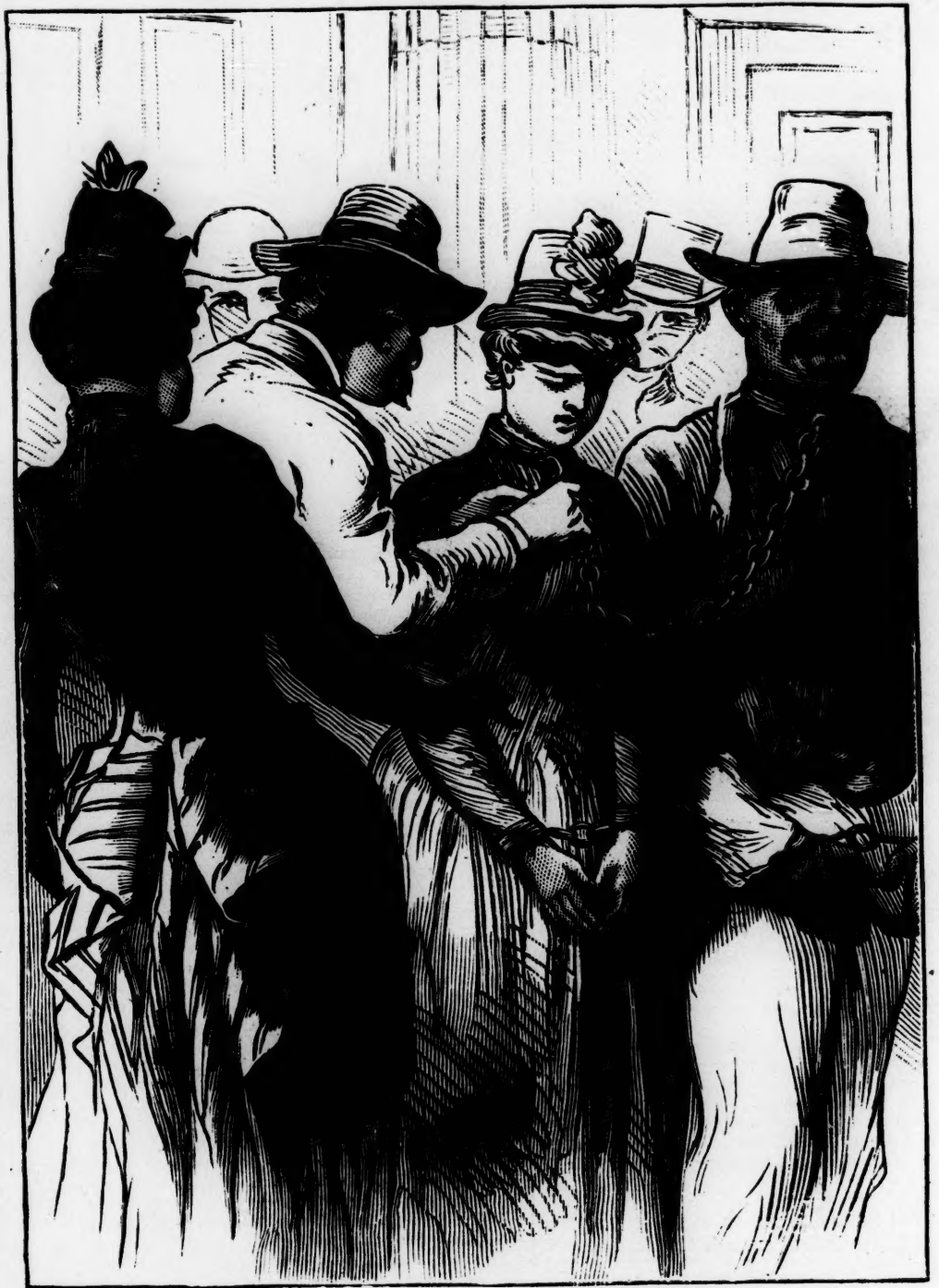
A VOICE FROM NEW JERSEY.

The Warren Republican, Hackensack, N. J., says: The picture of the late Tillie Smith, published by the POLICE GAZETTE, was an excellent one.



FLOGGED BACK TO LIFE.

HEROIC METHOD WHICH A HOLT COUNTY, NEB., FARMER TOOK TO PREVENT HIS WIFE AND CHILD FROM SUCCUMBING TO A BLIZZARD.



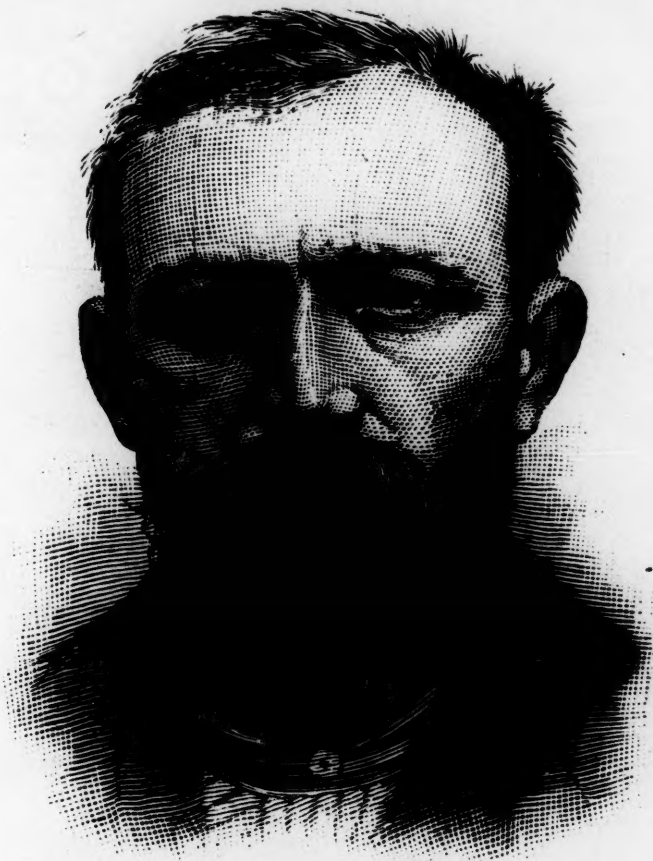
A GIRL'S SHOCKING DISGRACE.

SHE IS TAKEN TO THE PENITENTIARY AT HUNTSVILLE, TEXAS, CHAINED TO A BRUTAL NEGRO CRIMINAL.



FRIGHTENED PLAYGOERS.

A PACKED HOUSE AT YOUNGSTOWN, OHIO, RECENTLY, HAS A VERY EXCITING AND UNLOOKED-FOR EXPERIENCE.



AUGUST HETZKE,
OF CHICAGO, ILL., CONDEMNED TO DIE FOR THE CRUEL MUR-
DER OF HIS LITTLE STEP-SON, MAX GILMAN.



JOHN J. DELANEY,
CHARGED WITH THE MURDER OF MARY JANE COX OF BROOK-
LYN IN JUNE OF LAST YEAR.



RALPH LEE,
THE SELF-CONFESSED ASSASSIN OF HIS STEP-FATHER, S. W.
RAWSON, OF CHICAGO, ILLINOIS.



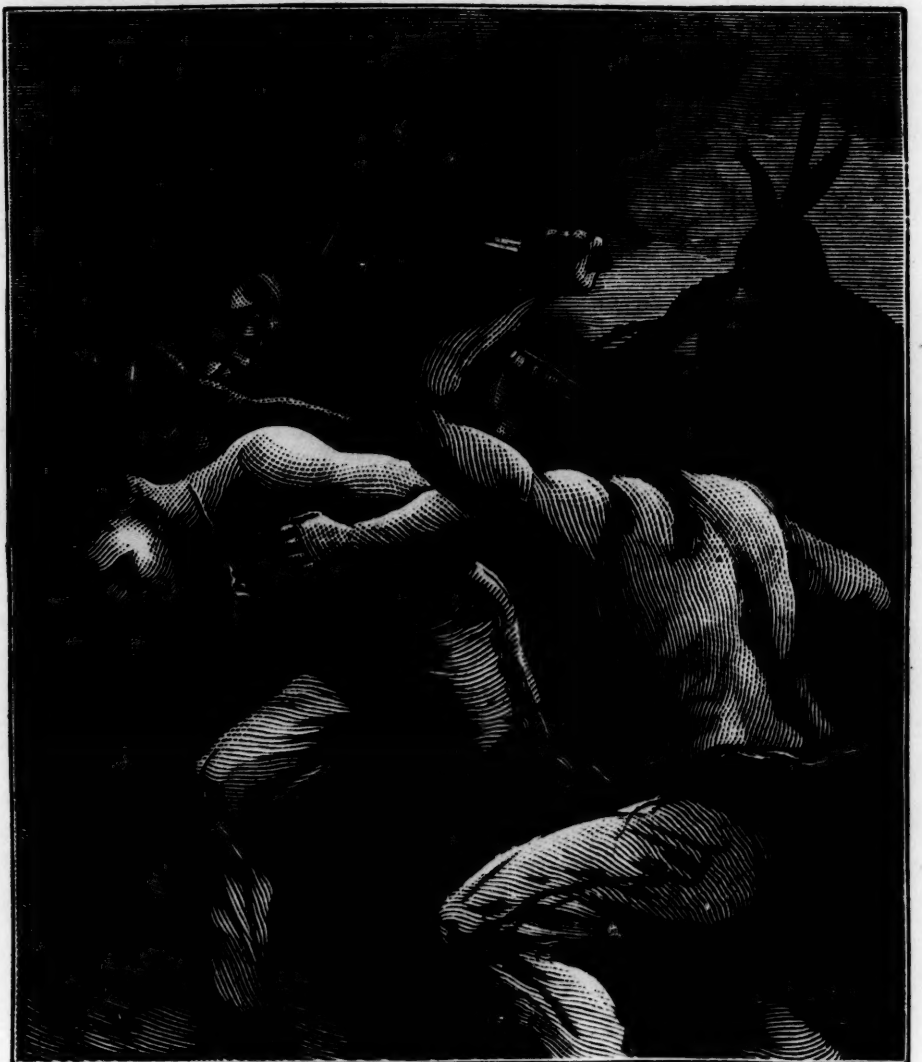
OFF FOR THE GREAT MATCH.

SCENE ON BOARD THE SERVIA ON SATURDAY, FEBRUARY TWENTY-FIFTH, WHEN MR. HARRY PHILLIPS, THE GREAT JOHN L. SULLIVAN'S
BACKER AND MANAGER, SAILED FOR EUROPE TO WITNESS THE SULLIVAN-MITCHELL FIGHT.



YOUR MONEY OR YOUR LIFE.

ADMIRABLE PRESENCE OF MIND OF A YOUNG NEW YORK LADY WHEN CON-
FRONTED WITH A BURGLAR.



HE WAS A MAD INDIAN.

DEAF BULL, A CROW INDIAN CHIEF, MAKES A BLOODTHIRSTY ASSAULT UPON
HIS COMRADES IN THE FORT SNEILING PRISON.

THEY ELOPED:

Great Scandal Which Is
at Present Agitating
Auburn, N. Y.

VIVACIOUS MRS. CORNING.

The Result of Her Flirtation With
Mr. D. M. Kurtz in a Skat-
ing Rink.

A NEWSPAPER MAN'S INFATUATION.



THE elopement of D. Morris Kurtz, the dapper little Auburn agent of the Syracuse Herald, with Mrs. D. Erastus Corning, has created a tremendous social sensation in Auburn, N. Y. They left Auburn on the 3:15 P. M. train Saturday and went to Syracuse. Mrs. Corning's husband was apprised of the fact in time to follow them on the train that left there at 7:17.

Her father, Thomas A. Osborn, also went to the salt city on the 11:35 train that night and joined his son-in-law in the search for the truant wife and her lover.

Mr. Corning, before leaving Auburn, had ascertained that his wife had left at the American Express office a large bundle, supposed to contain some wearing apparel, and ordered it shipped to N. H. Chapman, over 31 East Fayette street, Syracuse. With this clew the pursuers traced the couple to that block, but were unable to gain admission to the rooms there occupied by Kurtz, who has been accustomed to spend half the week in Syracuse and the other half in Auburn. Mr. Corning and Mr. Osborn believed that Kurtz and Mrs. Corning were in the rooms, and invoked the aid of the police to apprehend them. The officers declined because no warrant had been issued. While the anxious husband and father were making preparations to enter the rooms by legal authority, Kurtz and Mrs. Corning escaped, and no further trace of them was found until yesterday, when telegrams addressed to his mother by Mr. Corning announced that they had been traced to Fayetteville by two detectives, and that he had hopes that the officers would overtake them before the next day.

Mrs. Corning, whose maiden name was May Osborn, is a bright, vivacious, petite and pretty blonde, about twenty-four years of age. During the season when the roller skating rinks were popular she was a regular attendant, and it was at the Opera House Rink she made the acquaintance of the brilliant little newspaper man. They were constant companions when on the rollers, and their manifest preference for each other's society caused general remark. At that time Kurtz had just finished writing a history of Auburn and giving information of the city's resources, on a speculation of his own. He is a native of Wilkesbarre, Pa., has been employed in New York and returned to Auburn to represent the Syracuse Sunday Herald about a year ago. During his absence Miss Osborn married Mr. Corning, and since his return Kurtz's former association with her had been almost forgotten by the public, and remembrance of it was not aroused by its continuance during the past year.

So far as our reporters can ascertain they had not been seen together until last Friday afternoon when they took a street car at the foot of East Genesee street hill, going toward her father's home at 74 Chestnut street. It is barely possible they have kept secret cor-

respondence, however. A private dispatch to the Advertiser from Syracuse yesterday afternoon gave the information that Kurtz and Mrs. Corning had been seen there together on Saturday afternoon and that her husband and father were on their track. With a copy of this dispatch a reporter called at the residence of George Corning, 250 Genesee street, where his son, Erastus, and his wife had made their home since they were married about two years ago. The dispatch was read to Mr. and Mrs. Corning and it was apparent to the reporter that the message contained nothing new to them. When informed by a reporter that the telegram had been received in time for publication, but was held for verification, they thanked him for suppressing it and hoped the particulars of the case would not be published in the newspapers. The reporter expressed the belief that the Syracuse papers would have reports of the elopement and Mrs. Corning said she had been assured that the Syracuse papers would not publish the facts.

Mrs. Corning said that her daughter-in-law had appeared perfectly contented at her house and always seemed as happy as a bird. She was pleasant in her disposition and won their hearts, and the servants all respected her. In fact she had become by consent of all "queen of the household." Mrs. Corning loved her as if she was her own daughter. She was never required to work and was permitted to go and come of her own free will. Her husband was steady in his habits, always devoted to her, never refusing to grant any request and exceedingly fond of her company. She took daily rides behind a fiery young mustang and handled the ribbons like a good horseman.

Mr. and Mrs. Corning opposed the marriage of their son to Miss Osborn, but he persisted and they yielded to his wishes. Since their marriage Mrs. Corning says she induced her daughter-in-law to study the French and the German languages, also music. She had improved very much in personal appearance during the past two years, and was regarded by all as an attractive woman, with pure motives and unquestioned virtue.

Mrs. Corning, senior, is a devoted patron of the theatre, having recently subscribed \$1,000 for a new opera house, and may be seen at almost every respectable entertainment at the Academy. She was usually accompanied by her son and daughter-in-law or other friends. On Saturday young Mrs. Corning had an engagement to attend the Hippocynagon at the Academy in the afternoon with her mother-in-law, a sister-in-law who was visiting there and two children. About the



THE FLIGHT.

hour appointed young Mrs. Corning said she could not keep the engagement as it was the hour for taking her lesson in German at the Y. M. C. A. parlors, a fact which she had previously forgotten. Mrs. Corning, senior, told the reporter that they all came down town in the family sleigh, and her daughter-in-law alighted at the Association building. It was understood that the sleigh was to call for her at that place after the show, and if she was not there to call at her mother's home in Chestnut street.

When the show was out the elder Mrs. Corning and her daughter called for the daughter-in-law at the Association Hall and did not find her. A visit to her mother's home did not result in disclosing any trace of her. Mrs. Corning returned to her home and learned that soon after they had started for the show the younger Mrs. Corning came back and went to her room and closed the door. In about half an hour she came down stairs with a large bundle and asked the seamstress to hail an omnibus. She entered the conveyance with her bundle and came down town. Her mother-in-law, upon learning these facts, returned down town and informed her son. They in company drove to Mr. Osborn's house and reported what they had learned. Mrs. Osborn, who was ill, expressed the belief that Kurtz was at the bottom of all the trouble. Then Mr. Corning went to the omnibus driver, who told him that his wife alighted at the American express office and had a large bundle with her. A visit to the express office



A CABMAN DROPS A HINT TO MR. CORNING.



SCRAPING UP A FLIRTATION WITH MRS. CORNING IN THE SKATING RINK.

gave Mr. Corning the clue to the destination of the elopers which led him to Syracuse.

Mrs. Corning, senior, deplored the foolish conduct of her daughter-in-law, who with her devoted husband had a bright future. She says her son will inherit a million dollars, and could have given his wife all the comforts of life that money could purchase.

Mrs. Corning said the truant wife had removed from the house, during the past two or three weeks, many of her own articles, so it appears that when the flour for her flight arrived she was able to carry away what remained. She also took with her all her husband's jewelry and diamonds and \$200 in gold. She reporter asked if the money belonged to young Mrs. Corning, her husband or some other member of the household. Mrs. Corning's reply was that she would not answer that question. The said that she had learned the teacher of her daughter-in-law's German class had given up the class previous to Saturday and that the class did not meet on that day.

The reporter called at the residence of George Corning again this morning. Mrs. Corning said that they had received no further information except from her daughter-in-law's brother, who had come from New York. He had received from George Corning, Jr., one of the pursuing party, a telegram dated at Elmira, which read as follows: "Meet us all in Syracuse this evening." From the wording of this message it was presumed that the couple had been overtaken.

Mrs. Corning also said this morning that she estimated the value of the jewelry and diamonds taken by her daughter-in-law at \$1,500, and she thinks the total amount of money taken was over \$500. Mrs. Corning had given up the idea of trying to keep the facts from the newspapers. She did not know this morning the whereabouts of her son, Erastus, but supposed he was with his brother George.

Public opinion here is very bitter against Kurtz, and it is believed by some persons that he took advantage of the young woman's blind infatuation to secure the jewelry and money which she could obtain. His career has been a checkered one, and he has shown a somewhat mercenary disposition. It was charged against him previous to the last charter election that he attempted to extort money from M. V. Austin, the candidate for mayor. Kurtz denied the charge, and has ever since, in the Sunday Herald, waged a relentless war against Mr. Austin.

An associated press dispatch from Elmira, N. Y., dated Feb. 21 says: D. Morris Kurtz and Mrs. D. Erastus Corning, the eloping Auburn couple arrived in this city from Syracuse over the Elmira, Cortland & Northern railway last night and registered at the Frazier house as D. M. Taylor and wife, New York. Later the man purchased tickets for Chicago. They were shadowed by officers here who had been notified of their coming by telegraph by Detective Seelye. The couple took a room at the hotel and nothing unusual was noticed until an early hour this morning when Detective Seelye of Syracuse arrived, accompanied by the girl's husband. The room was watched until at 7:30 Kurtz and Mrs. Corning made their appearance. The eloping wife took matters very coolly, but was soon induced by her husband to return with him to Auburn, and they left for that city. Kurtz remained behind. The utmost effort was made here to keep the facts in the matter quiet.

The Syracuse Standard of this morning contained the following reference to the elopement:

D. Morris Kurtz of this city has eloped with Mrs. D. E. Corning, of Auburn, a young woman who has been married only a few years, and who is proud of her good looks. Last Saturday evening Kurtz came to Syracuse from Auburn and going to the office of the Evening Herald, tendered his resignation as the Auburn agent and correspondent of that paper. That evening Mr. Corning, the husband, and Mr. Osborn, the father of Mrs. Corning, came to the city, the former swearing to shoot the destroyer of his happiness on sight. Complaint was lodged with the police that Mrs. Corning was in hiding from her husband and the services of a detective to arrest her were demanded, but Chief Wright refused to make an arrest without the authority of a warrant. Ex-Police Captain Seelye, a private detective, was then put on the case and is still at work at it. It is believed Kurtz became acquainted with Mrs. Corning four years ago when she was still Miss Osborn. It is said that they were then betrothed and their present escapade is but the outbreak of the old flame.

Kurtz is a young man of conceded smartness, who has been employed by both the Courier and Herald in that city in a business capacity. About town he made himself well known by a free and easy manner and a ready wit. He became one of the most lively of the numerous diakkas who made life miserable for the spiritualistic circles, and was always up to some deviltry to annoy the converts of the occult science. He was regarded as having particular liking for the fair sex.

In view of all the foregoing, this, from this morning's 'patch, is "mighty interestin' readin'":

A special to the Dispatch from Syracuse last night says: "The Evening Herald printed an item this afternoon stating that D. Morris Kurtz, the Auburn agent of the Syracuse Sunday Herald, resigned his position Saturday night and left the city, and that it is supposed he had eloped with a married woman who resides in Auburn."

A Dispatch reporter, after a most thorough inquiry, failed to learn anything to corroborate the statement.

HE HORSEWHIPPED THE BROTHERS.

At Blythewood, S. C., much excitement is caused by a local war between the families of Hogan and Hoffman, the most prominent people of the town. The origin of the trouble was the betrayal of Miss Hattie Hogan, an eighteen-year-old girl, by Thomas Hoffman. Miss Hogan's father discovered the affair, and at the point of a pistol secured Hoffman's promise of marriage, but the day of the wedding the proposed groom disappeared. Shortly after Miss Hogan became a mother. Hogan searched for Hoffman for two weeks



A FAVORITE PASTIME OF THE ELLING WIFE.

and then returned to Blythewood to hold his brothers responsible. One of the brothers is the Mayor of the town, and recently Hogan held a pistol at his head while he horsewhipped him. He then hunted up another brother, and while a friend of Hogan covered Hoffman with a Winchester rifle the enraged father wore out a whip on him.

HOLDING A LUCKY NUMBER

Enables a Good Man to Materially Increase His Stock.

On Main street, Petaluma, opposite Odd Fellows' Block, a quiet, unpretentious gentleman merchant has for years passed the even tenor of his way—slowly but surely adding a little to his wealth from year to year. Learning that he was the lucky holder of one-tenth of ticket No. 33,442, which drew the first capital prize of \$150,000 in the January drawing of The Louisiana State Lottery, we interviewed him on Wednesday last, to see what effect his suddenly acquired wealth would have on him.

We asked him if it was true that he had been paid the \$15,000. He replied: "Yes, sir. Don't this look like it?" pointing to some large boxes of dry goods that he was assisting to unpack.

"Well, Mr. Schmidt, is there any danger of this suddenly acquired wealth turning your head?"

"No, sir. It might have made a fool of me if it had happened when I was a godd deal younger than I am now. You see that I am using this money to increase my business, and the lucky turn was not only a great help to me, but it is a help to this community, in that it enables me to buy goods lower than before, by paying cash, and in this way it helps other people, for I will be able to sell goods a little cheaper."

"Do you patronize this Lottery as a regular business, Mr. Schmidt?"

"Oh, no; I buy a ticket occasionally. That man," pointing to one who is in business nearly opposite him, "rather forced the ticket upon me. It was nearly time for the drawing to take place, and he had more tickets than he wished to carry, and to accommodate him I took the tickets. So far as I can learn, this was the only ticket in town that drew anything that month."

This is the first big haul that any of our people have made in the Louisiana State Lottery, and we are certainly glad that it happened in this instance, for it greatly assisted a deserving, honest man.—Petaluma (Cal.) Argus, Feb. 4.

The "Police Gazette" Standard Book of Rules, governing every branch of sport, sent by mail on receipt of 25 cents. An invaluable book for sportsmen.

HIS CONFESSION.

Hugh M. Brooks, Preller's
Murderer, Tells the Story
of His Crime.

A TALE OF HORROR.

His Thrilling Experience
on that Fa-
tal Night.

UNFORTUNATE MAN.



UGH M. BROOKS, alias W. H. L. Maxwell, the notorious St. Louis murderer, now awaiting sentence of death, has written a statement embodying the story of his crime. The statement is a remarkable production. Brooks is a master of the English language. His story is told in an easy, graceful, yet graphic manner which few men could excel. The murder of C. Arthur Preller

in the Southern Hotel in St. Louis on April 5th, 1885, and the finding of the body in a trunk one week later caused as much of a sensation in this country as any crime of modern times. Brooks, who is better known as Maxwell, was tried, convicted and sentenced to death. The case was taken to the Supreme Court of the United States, but the judgment of the State Court was affirmed, and all that remains to close the last act in the great tragedy is the date of the death sentence, which will be fixed by the Supreme Court of Missouri, and the execution of the doomed man.

In his statement to the St. Louis reporter Maxwell reviews his whole life from the time he left his home in Hyde, England, until the date of his conviction. The noted murderer enters into an elaborate and skillful discussion of his case, and attempts to prove his innocence in a very adroit and plausible collation of facts and circumstances connected with the commission of the murder. He begins his statement by saying that he left England with a clean record, and met for the first time C. Arthur Preller, his victim, in a Liverpool hotel the night before they sailed for America. It was partly to shake off old associations of a more or less questionable character that he decided to seek fortune in a strange land. When he came to America he says he had no fixed plans, no studied intentions.

Like many another young man, I was probably overconfident of myself, and imagined all I had to do was to walk from the steamer into the arms of the American people, who would be waiting to welcome me at the dock. A pardonable vanity in a village-bred foreigner, who had imbibed his idea of America from Dickens' "American Notes" and bits of frontier literature, and who—just as was the case with my father when he came here—was surprised to find brick houses in St. Louis and to learn that the Indians were not encamped at the edge of the city limits. I had studied law and dabbled in medicine. My visits to hospitals and medical colleges had familiarized me with surgical scenes, and without being able to gauge my ignorance, I soon began to flatter myself that I was growing as adept as the most skilled practitioners of the science, and even in England I was self-confident enough at times to write prescriptions. I never stopped to think of Pope's warning about the danger of a little learning. Frankly, I thought I knew sufficient about law and medicine and other things to meet the demands of a new country.

Upon his arrival Maxwell inquired about the salaries of clerks and professional men. He and Preller had become fast friends, and discussed plans for the future together. They landed in Boston, and Brooks decided to practice medicine, believing, as he says, that he had sufficient knowledge to do so. No diploma was required by the laws of Massachusetts, and he did not get one. I was reading up with a view of going seriously to work for myself, when at Mr. Preller's suggestion I changed my plans and considered the advisability of accompanying him to New Zealand. I made no secret of my financial situation, which was not of the most cheerful character so far as the future was concerned—I do not think I had altogether more than \$200 when the New Zealand idea was presented—but Mr. Preller seemed desirous from the very first to have me accompany him, and pressed the matter so hard that we almost entered into a compact of companionship for all the years that were ahead of us. He had no particular line of conduct mapped out for New Zealand any more than I had. He spoke of going into business there, and suggested that we could form a copartnership.

In his statement Maxwell proceeds to refute some of the testimony at his trial with reference to his conduct in Boston and St. Louis. The story leads naturally to the condemned man's account of the murder. It is related substantially as detailed by him on his trial.

He tells how in his talks with Preller about medicine he learned that his friend was suffering from stricture of the urethra. Maxwell quotes from various authorities to show that chloroform is usually administered when it is necessary to insert a catheter and he thought himself fully competent to perform the operation. The subject came up frequently while they were in the East, but the operation did not take place until their



AT DRUGGIST FERNOLD'S.

arrival in St. Louis. The preparations for the operation were described with the minutest detail. His own language of the fatal act is graphic and thrilling.

Mr. Preller's head and shoulders were resting well upon the pillows. I poured about a dram of chloroform upon a folded napkin which I held in my hand. I poured it over the washstand bowl, and replacing the bottle on the marble stand, which was wet from the washing of the catheters, carried the napkin to the bedside and held it about six inches from Mr. Preller's face and told him to breathe in a natural manner. The supply of the chloroform on the napkin was quickly exhausted, and when I went back to the washstand to replenish it I found the bottle lying on its side and nearly empty. I had either accidentally knocked it over or placed it insecurely. I picked it up, but saved only very, very little of the chloroform. I then went to Fernow's drug store and obtained two ounces of chloroform.

Mr. Fernow says I was nervous and excited, and that

torchlight procession of his plans and methods instead of working secretly in the dark, as other assassins do? Is it not preposterous to say that there is suspicion or excuse for plot in any or all of these movements of mine?

I returned to my room at the hotel. Mr. Preller was still on the bed. I removed my coat and prepared the napkin. I moistened the napkin and held it again six or eight inches from his face. After a half-dozen inhalations I withdrew the napkin. My friend was soon under the influence. I went to the washstand, and looking over the catheters selected one. Inserted it in the urethra or channel about an inch when I noticed that my friend winced. This was evidence to me that he was not completely under the influence, and I poured some chloroform on the handkerchief again and held it for a half minute or so within six or eight inches of his nose. I had not used an ounce of the drug, and I was flattering myself over the success, and ease with which I had administered it. I started to use the



PRELLER UNDER THE FATAL OPERATION.

I said I wanted all the chloroform he could give me. I fear very much that it was Mr. Fernow himself that was nervous and excited. It is ridiculous to assert that I ever made such a silly demand. I neither asked for all he had nor for all he could spare. Wasn't it just as easy for me to ask for a specified quantity? And this is what I did. I purchased two ounces of chloroform. I am positive that I said to Mr. Fernow, in explanation of my second purchase, that I had lost the first chloroform by spilling, but he has either forgotten it or never heard my remark. At all events, the fact stands supported, strengthened and magnificently magnified by the corroborative evidence offered by the prosecution that I appeared in Fernow's drug store twice on that Sunday and each time purchased a quantity of chloroform—the first time four ounces, the second time two ounces. What do you think of the capacity for cool-headed villainy of the assassin, preparing for a covert crime, who, using chloroform with deadly intent, goes twice to the same store, and, even according to Mr. Fernow's evidence, invites all possible attention to himself and to his acquisition of the drug? What do you think of the murder evolver who makes a

catheter again, when I was startled by a sudden sound of stertorous breathing—a deep, guttural-like snore—and I immediately put the catheter aside and went to my friend's head. Stertorous breathing is a warning of danger, and the first thing to be done when the hard breathing begins is to lower the patient's head. This I did. I took the pillows from under Mr. Preller's head and allowed it to fall back. Seeing that this had no effect and that the breathing grew all the harder, I got alarmed.

Taking a small, curved surgical scissors out of my case, I cut off his shirt and undershirt, cutting the garments as a surgeon would have done, so as to expose the largest possible surface of the skin to the action of the atmosphere. The cut garments show that I did this. Then I rubbed him vigorously, and next took a wet towel and slapped his breast with it. I put forth every effort to save him. I worked strenuously and unceasingly for more than three-quarters of an hour, plying that towel and shaking and rubbing him. Every muscle trembled with excitement and exertion. I was in a fever of bewilderment. My emotions overwhelmed my judgment. I sank exhausted and frightened in a



MAXWELL PLANNING HIS ESCAPE.

chair beside the bed, but not until my friend had been long ago dead. Why did I not call for help? My God! I wish I had. Why did I not pull open the door and rush into the corridor at that moment and proclaim myself innocent? Could I not have done so? Had my purpose been murder as a preface to robbery, could I not have secured my booty and called in the hotel people to look at my dead friend and tell them that his death was the result of an accident? Had I been cool and calculating, in possession of my faculties and with a campaign of murder and robbery already carefully devised, would it not have been perfectly safe for me to have made away with the money first and then come boldly forward with my excuse for and explanation of the death? I did not call for help. I did not offer any excuse. And why? Not because I knew I had not planned a murder and robbery, for thought of such things was very remote from my mind; not because I was innocent of any crime and felt my innocence, but because I was in a delirium of excitement, and gave more immediate thought to the loss of my friend than I did to my own danger. I can not explain my condition nor describe it. My brain was burning, my every nerve throbbing, my senses were in a whirl of grief and worry; I knew not what I did. I sat there, and in despair contemplated the lifeless figure of my friend. Would to God somebody had come in and roused me from my horror-stricken condition. Would to God that man Ross, who said he was in the adjoining room and heard noises, had burst in the door and come to my rescue. But nobody came, and, with senses paralyzed and my own life seemingly wrecked in the wreck of my friend's, I kept my seat, fairly enchanted with horror.

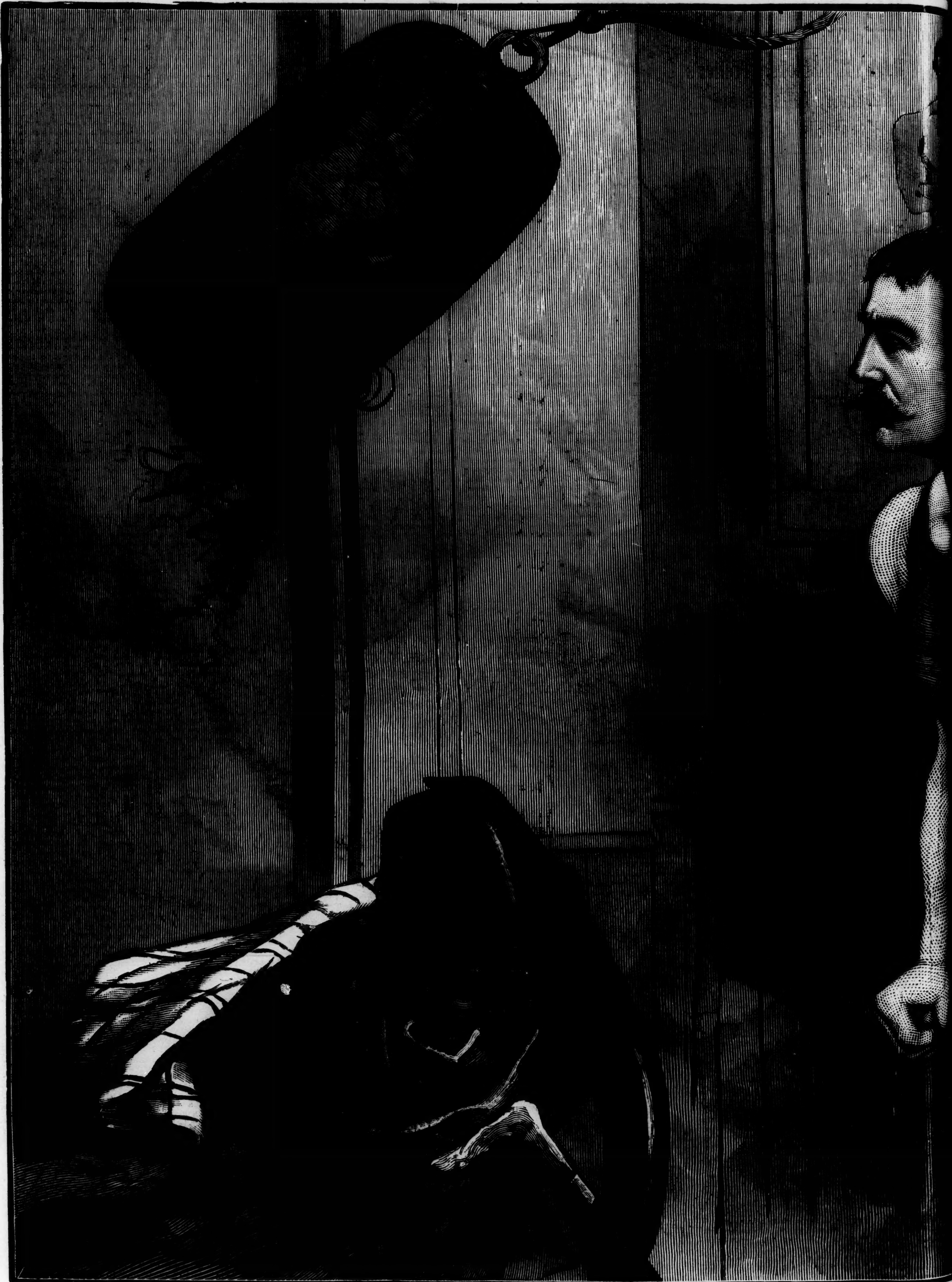
They talk of plans. Merciful Savior, where were they then? Plans! Plans! Any plan would have saved and set me right, but I had none, not even the feeblest plan that the most ignorant murderer might have devised. I was at the mercy of the circumstances and of my feelings, and when I awoke to a keen sense of my position the ideas of America which I had imbibed from Dickens rose before me like warning shadows, and stood between me and the door through which I might have walked that afternoon into the pure, bright light of innocence. Analyze my physical condition if you can, with sorrow and its attending emotions weighing down upon me at one side, and the grim spectre of mob law, as my ill-trained fancy painted it, rising menacingly at the other. As I have said a hundred times, I did not know that an accused person could testify in his own behalf in this country. I had a deep-founded conception that a man who took another's life was dealt with and disposed of very summarily, and that Judge Lynch was the principal magistrate of the West. Being a foreigner, who had no special reason to look into the laws and no special object in doing so, my ignorance on this point was nothing extraordinary. With the fear of swift and certain punishment for what I had done staring me in the face, and with my judgment knocked to pieces by the severe shock of my friend's death, was it any wonder that I was undecided and failed to do what I now see I should have done? One of my first impulses when I came to myself had been to call in the hotel people, but dread of being suspected and arrested drove the thought from my mind, and before I knew what I was doing, and without considering by what mental process I arrived at the determination, I had selected concealment and flight as the best means to safety. I suppose that untrained instinct within us all—the instinct of self-preservation—prompted and drove me to this foolish step.

I know what you will say when you have read thus far. I have heard you say it before. You will accept every one of my statements up to this very point, and acknowledge that they wear the air of truth, and are sound and plausible, but—but you will exclaim, how can the larceny—the taking of the money be explained? I agree with you that this is a hard point to get over. Nobody can look at the act through my eyes or judge it with my heart. I frankly avow my guilt in this respect, and can attribute the commission of this crime only to a desire to avail myself of a means which was ready at hand to assist me in managing my escape. That the exact import of this larceny be understood, I must tell my whole story. Preller was dead; his body lay on the bed as he had died. I was trying to make up my mind what to do. As I said before, I determined on flight. But what should I do with the body? It must be concealed. I emptied my zinc trunk which had the initials of my adopted name—W. H. L. M.—on it, and, pulling it to the side of the bed, placed the body, which had been lying under the counterpane, in it. I then dragged the trunk back to its place against the wall and corded it up. I should have said that I first placed a pair of drawers on the body. My object in doing this was to cover up its nakedness. Remember distinctly that I snatched the drawers from the heap of clothing, etc., on the floor after I had emptied my trunk, and did not notice that they were too small until I had them almost on. As a matter of fact I did not know that the drawers bore the initials of my real name—H. M. B.—and I never saw the initials or was aware they existed there until the Circuit Attorney handed me the drawers when I was on the witness stand in the Criminal Court, when I at once recognized that the letters were in my father's handwriting. After cording up the trunk I went out and drank heavily. I was back in my room before midnight and remained there all that frightful night. Did I sleep? No. I spent the night in pacing the room and wondering what would become of me. Then it was that plans came into my head—a hundred of them—the first I had conceived in connection with the occurrence. Then it was my crime really began. Put yourself in my place that terrible night—a stranger alone in a vast land, your friend dead, your other friends thousands of miles away, your life, as you thought, in jeopardy, and your only solace liquor, and tell me what you would have done.

I have said that I had half formulated a conclusion to take my chances in flight, and next morning I was pondering this, and possibly other things, but flight at any rate was uppermost in my mind, when impulse led me to examine Mr. Preller's trousers pockets. In one of them I found a roll of bills amounting to about \$500. I said I would use this to assist me in my flight, and I now, regretfully, confess that I appropriated it. I also took a pair of sleeve buttons from Preller's cuffs, which I put in my own.

Strip my case of the sensations upon sensations which have been grafted upon it and of the lies which have been told and retold about me, and consider all the circumstances purely on their merits and in their order and bearing on each other, and you cannot possibly arrive at any other conclusion than this: That I caused Mr. Preller's death accidentally; that I had no motive for killing him or any other man; that I made no preparations to kill anybody, and consequently had no plans which were based upon a murder.

For \$1.00 the POLICE GAZETTE will be regularly mailed to your address for 13 weeks.



GETTING IN SHAPE FOR

THE WAY THE GREAT AMERICAN PUGILIST PROPOSES TO KNOCK OUT THE E



OR
THE E

CONTEST WITH MITCHELL.

CHAMPION IN HIS FISTIC ENCOUNTER WITH THE LATTER ON MARCH TWELFTH.

PUGILISTIC.

Charley Says He Only Wants a
Chance to Prove that Sul-
livan is no Terror.

TO BE HIS LAST FIGHT.

Toff Wall will not come to this country unless he is guaranteed for a certainty that he will be matched against Jack Dempsey.

At Duluth, Minn., on Feb. 25, Black Frank and P. J. Donner, the colored boxers, fought 10 3-minute rounds, and the battle ended in a draw.

Denny Needham, of St. Paul, and Jim Connelly, of Boston, contested with gloves at St. Paul, Minn., on Feb. 24. Needham won in 6 rounds.

Ned Jester, the well-known boxer and proprietor of the boxing sketch entitled "Flatiana," is keeping the White Elephant, 255 North Eighth street, Philadelphia.

Young Butler and George Nagle, of Newark, N. J., fought at Watessing, N. J., on Feb. 24. Butler knocked out his opponent in the 8th round. Hugh Riley was the referee.

Con Riley, of Dayton, Ohio, recently defeated George Le Blanche in a glove contest for points. At Dayton, on Feb. 24, Le Blanche defeated Riley in two rounds, putting him to sleep.

Prof. Henry Newbauer, of Jersey City Heights, will be tendered a benefit at Kessler's Hall, Central avenue, Jersey City Heights, on March 6. Tom Henry, who fought a draw with Johnny Reagan, will wind up the show.

Efforts are being made to bring about another meeting between Jack Dempsey and Jim Felt, and club men are said to be willing to put up a big purse for them to contend for. A match between the great Dempsey and Jim Felt would create a furor.

James Evans, of Kansas City, writes to the "Police Gazette" that he will meet Billy Myers, of Streator, Ill., at 125 or 135 pounds, with gloves, "Police Gazette" rules, and allow him expenses to go to Kansas City, or accept the same to have the contest decided at Streator.

Billy Stickle, of Newark, and George Conklin, of Jersey City, were to have fought at Orange on Feb. 24 for a purse and the heavy-weight championship of New Jersey. Stickle was arrested and required to furnish \$300 bail to await the action of the Grand Jury.

Jack Dyan and Hugh Boyle fought with gloves, according to "Police Gazette" rules, at Stapleton, Staten Island, N. Y., on Feb. 25, for \$300. Dyan was nearly conquered in the eighth round, but in the ninth he put Boyle to sleep by a straight left-hand blow on the right eye.

Tommy Danforth, the feather-weight of Harlem, says that he will meet the winner of the Jack Farrell-Havellin contest or any 120-pound man, give or take two pounds, for \$250 a side and an outside purse, either a stated number of rounds or according to "Police Gazette" rules.

John L. Sullivan has been steadily training, and is, according to a correspondent who writes from England under date of Feb. 9, already fit to contest for his life. He is confident of defeating Mitchell. With both men so sanguine of victory, the contest should be a determined one.

Frank Beckwith, Thomas Montgomery and Charles Lionais, Montreal sporting men; Sylvie Gookin, the oarsman, of Boston; Tom Evans, Paddy Ryan's old trainer, and Harry Phillips sailed on the Cunard steamer Servia to England, on Feb. 25, to witness the international battle between Sullivan and Mitchell.

Charley McCoy, of Philadelphia, the holder of the "Police Gazette" champion medal of Pennsylvania, died on Feb. 23, at Philadelphia, of consumption. McCoy was one of the most scientific boxers that ever faced an opponent in the arena. He was a partner of Ned Jester, and with the latter has appeared at all the prominent variety theatres in the sketch "Flatiana."

The welter-weight pugilist Jack Masterson and Jim Devine fought four slashing rounds in an out-of-the-way barn at Elizabeth recently. Devine was terribly punished. He was hit with a straight left-hander in the fourth round, which caught him right on the point of the jaw and knocked him over senseless. He had to be taken away in a coach. This is the second time the men have fought to a finish, and Masterson has been victor each time.

The following letter has been received from Charley Mitchell by a friend in this city:

RIPLEY, SURREY, ENG., Feb. 9, 1888.
I am in training to meet John L. and working hard, so is Sullivan. I suppose the people in New York think it is a soft match for him. Everybody is likely to be fooled. I think I shall win. Of course, there is nothing certain—only rent day and death. One thing is certain, I am sure to do my best to win, and should the fight result in my favor, then I suppose they will say Sullivan was drugged. Sullivan evidently does not think the match a sure thing, when he is taking months to train for it. Kilrain is drawing big houses at exhibitions, and now weighs 16 stone. We would still be coming money, but for my match with Sullivan. After that is decided we shall make heads of money. This will be my last fight; successful or otherwise, for it is no use of the hard work of training. I now have a bank account of \$5,000. Jake and myself, with Pony Moore, will return to New York in April. No more at present. With regards to all friends, sincerely,
CHARLEY MITCHELL.

The long-pending glove contest between Mike Cushing of Troy, N. Y. (formerly of Elizabeth, N. J.), and Jim Liddy of Jersey City was decided on Feb. 23 in a ball room at Troy, N. Y. The men met in the arena and contested with gloves according to "Police Gazette" rules, for \$250 a side and a purse. About 150 sporting men from Albany and Troy paid \$5 each to witness the affair, and there was considerable speculation on the result. In the first two rounds Cushing's firm and well-directed blows proved that he out-classed his opponent, and, bar a foul or accident, would be returned the victor. Liddy, however, displayed great courage, and time and again made a determined effort to conquer Cushing. In the third round Cushing smiled confidently and made a rush, and, planting his right on Liddy's jaw, sent him spinning around on his heels. But when Cushing attempted to repeat the dose Liddy dodged cleverly, and Cushing butted his own head against the wall, being unable to top himself after making the pass. In the fourth, fifth and sixth rounds it was give and take, but Liddy's blows seemed to have little effect, and beyond a slight abrasion on the neck and a puffed cheek, Cushing was without a mark. Liddy, however, was covered with blood, which trickled from his nose and lips, and one eye was about closed. In the seventh round Liddy was weak on his plus, but very game and clinched to avoid punishment. In the eighth round Cushing knocked his adversary down three times in quick order, and as the Jerseyman was unable to rise after the third, the battle was awarded to Cushing.

In reference to the Sullivan and Mitchell encounter for \$5,000, the New York Herald's special cable, Feb. 23, says: The following letter, addressed to Sporting Life, appears in that paper exclusively:

"Sir—A letter has been published in America purporting to be from John L. Sullivan, that I offered \$1,000 to a party to hire a gang of roughs to prevent him winning the fight.
"These statements are circulated with the view of injuring my reputation.

"There has not been the slightest desire on my part to place any stumbling block in the way of our engagement being fairly decided. On the contrary, more than once I have asserted that those who will accompany me to the trying place are well

known and honorable gentlemen, and I have offered to name those invited and have called upon Sullivan to do in a similar manner, but no response has been made. I am still ready to name the ten gentlemen who will accompany me, and should Sullivan object to any of them I will cancel the name rather than allow him a loophole for not keeping his engagement. I shall expect him to concede me a similar privilege. This plainly shows I desire to extend and receive fair play.

"Sullivan also is reported as saying: 'I don't intend meeting him, and that I shall organize some interference.' He, however, knows differently.

"This statement is too mean and paltry to be taken notice of, much less to lend willing ears to. My sole wish is to meet Sullivan. I will try to prove to the world that, given a square deal, Sullivan is not the terror his scribbling friends have endeavored to make out. According to them he will have a walk over, but should he win no credit will attach to the performance. If defeated, he will be the laughing stock of the sporting world.

"My backer can rest assured I am leaving no stone unturned to get fit. I already feel that I shall be there on the day, and not place any impediment in the way of the business being concluded.

"Should, however, anything arise to prevent matters being concluded satisfactorily, they can draw their own conclusion as to who has seen the red light. Yours,
CHARLES MITCHELL,
English Boxing Champion.

FEBRUARY 21, 1888.

The following special cable from London, under date of Feb. 15, will be read with interest, since it contains the latest gossip, etc., regarding the coming international prize contest between Sullivan and Mitchell: On March 1 the backers of Mitchell and Sullivan are to meet and put up the final deposit of \$400 a side to make the total stakes of \$500 in their match. It is understood that Jack Percival, in conjunction with George M. Moore, will make the final deposit for Mitchell. There is an opinion among Englishmen that Sullivan will find Mitchell a foeman worthy of his steel, and they expect the battle will be an obstinate one, bar a knock out. Kilrain, who is coaching Mitchell, refuses to give any opinion in regard to the result of the battle, except that Mitchell, with his science, strength, and great wrestling abilities, should give Sullivan a hard task. Kilrain is heart and soul with Mitchell, for besides being his financial partner he does not forget the stand Mitchell made for him in France when Mitchell was his second. It was expected that very few of the nobility and members of the Pelican Club would be anxious to witness the approaching battle, but from events that have recently transpired nearly all the members of the club appear eager to witness the famous pugilists meet on March 9, and they are eager that the price of the tickets be placed at 25s sterling each. It will not be definitely settled until the arrival of Harry Phillips what the price of the tickets will be, but one thing is certain, that they will not be less than 25s. Another matter which is to be settled upon the meeting of the gladiators on March 1, when the final deposit is to be put up, is the selection of the battle ground. No matter who wins the toss, the battle ground will not be in England. Should Mitchell win, he will appoint John Fleming and George W. Atkinson to pick out the ground, and will notify Sullivan of the place six days before the battle. There is no truth in the rumor that the authorities of Scotland Yard will arrest the pugilists providing they give satisfactory proof that the contest will not take place in England. At the Horse Shoe, the other day, Jack Baldock, who is to second Mitchell, said that while Sullivan was a big 'un, that he did not think he had half as good chance as Mitchell. "Sam Hurst, the Staly Bridge infantry, was a big 'un," said the wily Baldock, "but see how quickly Jim Mace whipped him." Hurst was 6 feet 2½ inches and weighed 15 stone or 210 pounds.

"Then," said Baldock, "see how Tom Sayers whipped Bill Perry, the Tipton Slasher. Sayers weighed 154 pounds, while the Slasher must have weighed 13 stone." It is thus that Englishmen argue. Mitchell says he will fight at 15 stone 2 pounds (170 p. lbs.), while Sullivan will weigh 14 stone 2 pounds (170 p. lbs.). While Sullivan will weigh 14 stone 2 pounds, he will have very little of the American, for he has only seen Sullivan box with Ashton. Will Kelly, who keeps the Greyhound at Newmarket, has witnessed about one hundred prize-ring battles. He says Mitchell is over-matched when height and weight of the men are compared. Harry Bull of Windsor, the "Chippy Norton" who is stakeholder in the fight, was at the Victoria Club recently, when the Mitchell and Sullivan match was the topic of discussion. Bull said Sullivan would break every rib in Mitchell's body and knock his head off, and that two rounds would end the fight. Ben Hyams, a well-known bookmaker, said: "I'll bet you a 'monkey' Sullivan does not whip Mitchell in one hour." Bull pulled out a "leather" full of Bank of England notes and accepted the bet made by Hyams.

Recently the following letter was received by Richard E. Fox, proprietor of the POLICE GAZETTE, from Jake Kilrain, the American champion, which is newsy and interesting:

WESTGATE-ON-THE-SKA, ENG., Feb. 14, 1888.
FRIEND FOX—I have closed my boxing tour with Jim Smith; our last engagement was at Barnard's Amphitheatre, Portsmouth, where we appeared to crowded houses for six nights. Only for Charley's match with Sullivan, I could still fill many engagements, for nearly all the music halls in England appear anxious to have Smith and myself appear. I have to join Mitchell to assist in his training—not that he requires any advice, but to help him pass the long days and nights pleasantly, for he is well aware that he must be in condition to meet Sullivan. I suppose the majority of the papers in New York who had special reporters at my battle with Jim Smith are now satisfied that the battle was a genuine one. It makes no difference whether they do or not. Smith is well aware it was, and I am sure there is no one knows better than Wm. E. Harding, Edward Plummer, Wm. Connors, the New York bookmaker (who was with Smith), and Blakeley Hall of the New York Sun. I know by the punches and punishment I received it was a square fight, and no doubt I might have won if darkness had not come on or if it had not been my first battle with bare knuckles, according to rules that were new to me, for I never before engaged in a battle according to London prize ring rules, or even witnessed a regular prize fight. Does it not stand to reason that if I had been able to win that I would have done so, because, you know, by winning I should have been richer by \$5,000, for you promised me the whole of the stakes and the \$1,000 that you sent by Wm. E. Harding to give me to bet in the ring, and which I put up against \$2,000. There is no reasonable man who thinks that a man is going to engage in a bafney or a fake as those that did not see the battle say it was, when he is going to be out of pocket nearly \$5,000 by such an affair. In regard to Mitchell's meeting with Sullivan I do not want to be quoted as saying that Charley will defeat Sullivan, but you may rest assured that Mitchell will be in first-class condition and will enter the ring weighing 14 stone or thereabouts. Mitchell is confident that he will give Sullivan the hardest battle of his life. Of course, that would not be saying much if Sullivan's performances are analyzed and his battle with Paddy Ryan, who you matched to meet him, is taken for a guide, and that is the only regular battle Sullivan ever fought according to the rules which the English patrons of pugilism go by. Mitchell has many supporters and Jack Baldock and myself will handle him in the ring, and you can rest assured that Charley will do the best he can to win. I have no love or hate for Sullivan, neither do I care anything about him, for he is not a man that will make friends; but after what he said and had published about my battle with Jim Smith, which was a better battle than he ever fought, my feelings and my sympathy is with Charley Mitchell, who although an Englishman proved a true friend to me. Of course there is no certainty of Mitchell winning, neither has Sullivan the sure thing many in America think, and to whip Mitchell he will have to do better than he did with McCaffrey, Ladis and Jack Burke, who Mitchell out-classed. The match is the talk of all England and I hope Sullivan and his party will not place any impediment in the way of its being brought off. One thing I do know—that if Mitchell does not whip Sullivan I shall do my best to again coax him to arrange a match with me; but I don't think he will, when for the sake of waiting in London one month he refused to arrange a match with Jim Smith for \$5,000 a side. I have made plenty of money since I left Baltimore, and unless Sullivan agrees to arrange a match for the championship of the world and big stakes I may probably give up the prize ring, for there is no attraction about following up the game. I shall return with Mitchell and Pony Moore to New York in April, and will be pleased to see you and all my friends. Hoping you are well, Mitchell, Rowell, Pony Moore, and all the other sports send you their regards. Yours sincerely,
JAKE KILRAIN.

SPORTING.

A Challenge From Prof. Miller,
the Champion Athlete
of the World.

ANNIE OAKLEY'S GREAT FEAT.

On Feb. 24 there was a cooking main at Hudson, N. Y. Thirteen birds a side were shown, but only seven pairs fell in. The contracting parties were from Hudson and Chatham.

At Worcester, on Feb. 23, in the Sportsmen's Club tournament, the principal event, the 100-bird race was won by O. R. Dickey, W. S. Perry second, H. W. Eager third, H. G. Wheeler fourth.

Harry Harwood, the well-known jockey, died at his home in Baltimore, Md., on Feb. 24, of injuries sustained in a fall while riding in a steeplechase. He was twenty-six years old, and one of the best known jockeys in the country.

E. H. Garrison, the famous jockey, now in San Francisco, has written to F. J. Dwyer, as President of the Brooklyn Jockey Club, asking for a full and thorough investigation of his riding of Blue Wing in the Brooklyn Jockey Club handicap last May.

At the Racquette Club, in this city, on Feb. 20, Dr. G. Lee Knapp and E. W. Jewett played an excellent 300-point French carrom game of billiards for the championship of the club. Mr. Jewett was the victor, his opponent having but 281 at the finish.

Chas. E. Davies, better known as "Parson," the manager of the Athletic Company at the Standard Theatre, Chicago, has posted a forfeit of \$250 to bind a match between Evan Lewis, the Strangler, and Jack Wappon, the champion English wrestler, now on the water, for a catch-as-catch-can match for the championship of the world.

Dominick McCaffrey has gone on a pleasure trip to England, but his literary friends claim that he is going to arrange a match with Jim Smith or Jake Kilrain. The latter would look upon a challenge from McCaffrey as unbecoming, while Smith's backers would jump at the opportunity of arranging a match with McCaffrey. When McCaffrey could not defeat Dempsey, what chance would he have with either Kilrain or Smith? None, and book it.

Henry L. Owens, of Omaha, offers to bet \$1,000 to \$2,500 that James Albert who made the record of 81 miles, 1280 yards in six days, cannot repeat the performance in Omaha anytime within sixty days. A forfeit of \$250 has been deposited with Mr. P. J. O'Fallon, well-known in sporting circles in Omaha. We are informed by our correspondent that other parties are willing to wager similar amounts. Will Albert's admirers who said they would put up do so?

The Jersey Athletic Association, of Jersey City, N. J., has reorganized under the name of the United Bowling Club. The newly elected officers are: George Stratford, president; J. Ketter, vice-president; T. J. Cummings, secretary; Frank Hale, financial secretary; G. P. Brock, treasurer; Wm. Tompkins, captain. The association will adopt new by-laws and will make a feature of bowling.

At Newark, N. J., on Feb. 26 there was a slashing fist encounter with gloves between Jim King and Pat Murphy. King weighed 133 pounds, and was seconded by Tom Monahan and Jim Conlin, while Murphy weighed 145 pounds and was seconded by Tom Ryan and Jack Curren. Murphy had the best of the affair for the first nine rounds, but he finally gave up at the conclusion of the eighteenth round. King was knocked down three times in the first round.

A cooking main was fought recently at Chicago between birds owned by Jerry Monroe and James Barry, both well-known breeders and fanciers. Each side showed nine cocks and fought for \$50 each battle and \$500 the odd fight. A large amount of money was wagered, and nearly \$2,000 was dependent upon the result. Barry's fowls won the main on the fifth battle, and the victory was attributed to the splendid condition and handling of Barry's cocks. Geo. Farnsworth, of Chicago, pitted Monroe's cocks, while Barry handled his own chantleers.

The championship boxing contest between the amateur light-weights, Ed Cahill of the Scottish-American Athletic Club of Jersey City and J. J. Sampson of the Pastime Athletic Club of New York, which was stopped by the police some weeks ago was finished in Brooklyn. The boxers met with four-ounce gloves for a gold medal. The contest was to have been three rounds, but the men fought so evenly and well that the judges asked the referee to have the set continued. Three extra rounds of two minutes each were boxed, when the decision was rendered in favor of Sampson.

We have received a copy of the Goodwin Bros.' valuable racing guide for 1887. It is the standard authority, and contains summaries of all the races run in the United States and Canada during 1887, with special descriptive results of those run at every important meeting throughout the country; value of stake races, scale of weights adopted by the different jockey clubs, fastest time on record at all distances, table of jockeys' mounts in 1887, racing fixtures for 1888, etc. It is a valuable book to all interested in the running turf, and can be purchased from the Goodwin Bros., at 241 Broadway, this city.

George C. Peters has assumed the nom de plume of the Black Diamond, which title he gave the late Harry Woodson, the colored champion, who was some time ago murdered in Chicago. On Feb. 17 Peters met Mervine Thompson, the Cleveland Thunderbolt, at Detroit, Mich., in a glove contest according to "Police Gazette" rules. It was a regular scientific contest for points, and of course Mervine Thompson was not in it, for his forte is slugging. Peters outclassed him, for he is a very clever boxer, and won the match, scoring ten clean face hits to the Thunderbolt's one.

At Buffalo, N. Y., on Feb. 22, James Quigley, the roundman of the Eighteenth Precinct Police force of this city, and Dennis Gallagher, ex-policeman of Buffalo, wrestled for \$1,000 a side and the police championship of the United States. The winner to take three-quarters of the \$400 gate money and the loser one-quarter. The match was best two out of three, Greco-Roman, two points; catch-as-catch-can, three points, and side hold in harness, three points. Quigley was thrown twice, when he gave up and acknowledged that Gallagher was the better man. Quigley is the champion wrestler of the Police Department of this city.

"Auger" in the "Sporting Life" says: "People are tired of pugilistic challenges, and the only real thing on the boards in this way now is the projected battle between Charley Mitchell and J. L. Sullivan. Into the merits or demerits of the falling off of the proposed fight between Smith and Sullivan I have no desire to enter, but certain it is that there has been too many 'ifs and buts' about it from the commencement, and nothing more than an ordinary open weather-eye was required to see the termination of the wordy warfare. Everybody likes to have a fight, except those whose peculiar business it is to suit their own convenience as principals or managers."

The New York Sporting Club masquerade ball, at Wendell's Assembly Rooms, this city, on Feb. 23, attracted a tremendous turnout of the colored population, and they enjoyed themselves thoroughly. Among those present were: James T. Dolph, President; M. C. Francis, Vice-President; W. D. Carl, Secretary; J. H. Kever, Assistant Secretary; J. J. Woods, Treasurer; F. H. Blanshaw, W. H. Matthews, H. W. Shelton, F. D. Dickerson, J. Upsher, A. C. Francis, J. Yorkston, G. Green, T. Tilman, Wm. E. Salter, J. W. Williams, C. Conway, C. W. McKee, Chairman; A. L. Squires, C. Smith, E. S. Mansrone, J. T. Hicks, W. A. Boyd, W. Quinn.

Miss Annie Oakley, the "Police Gazette" female champion wing shot of the world, is accomplishing some won, dertful feats at pigeon shooting. At Camden, N. J., on Feb. 23, she figured in a match against Wm. Graham, the champion wing shot of England. Each shot at 50 pigeons, and Miss Oakley surprised the spectators by knocking over 47 out of the 50 shot at, and won the match by two birds, her opponent only killing 45. The birds shot at comprised many drivers, so that makes the feat more remarkable. It is doubtful if many of the wing shots who style themselves champions could kill 47 out of 50 in a match in which the number of birds are limited to 50.

At the London Theatre in this city on Feb. 20, Abe Leavitt, manager of the Rents-Sanley troupe offered to give any wrestler \$500 that could throw the Jap in 30 minutes, and \$50 to any wrestler that Matsada could not throw in fifteen minutes. It created quite a breeze among the wrestlers, and there are several going to try and win the money. Last night Ernest Roeder volunteered to try, and about 2,000 people filled Donaldson's Theatre. W. E. Harding the sporting editor of this paper, was referee and Roeder won the \$50 by wrestling the Jap for 15 minutes, during which time he was unable to throw the strong muscular German, but the latter failed as well to throw the Jap.

The benefit in aid of the widow of Wm. Dempsey, the pressman of the New York Herald, at Clermont Rink, Brooklyn, on Feb. 23, was a success. Among the athletes who volunteered were Steve O'Donnell, the veteran master of ceremonies; Leonard Tracey, John Reagan, Jack Files, Jack Dougherty, Eugene Hornbecker. Police Captain McKelvey and a dozen of his men were present. Young Magraw and Joseph Ryan first appeared in collar-and-elbow wrestling, Magraw carrying off the honors. Jack Dougherty sparred with Daniel Leary. Jack Files and Tom Breen had a rattling set-to, and Hornbecker and Fowler followed. Several other bouts served to introduce Hornbecker and "Swipes, the Newboy," who boxed four rounds. It was reported that \$500 was raised for Mrs. Dempsey.

The Mulberry "Times," published at Mulberry, Franklin County, Ark., Feb. 17, 1888, says: "Richard K. Fox, publisher of the illustrated sporting journals of New York City, and the recognized leader and authority on sporting matters in the United States, was arrested last week by the onlook-pated luminaries of the Metropolis for the alleged offense of aiding and abetting prize fighting and permitting 'men of that class to make his business office their headquarters.' The sequel to this affair is this: The men who caused this bit of amuse ment for Mr. Fox and his friends are, envious of that gentleman's healthy waist, and their 'alliances' is apparent only on the tops of their heads, while the nerve and cunning of Mr. Fox is not surpassed by even the wily animal whose name he bears." This hits the nail right on the head. However did the editor solve the problem.

Joe Lannon, the heavy-weight pugilist of Boston, who at one time was boomed up by New England sporting writers as the coming champion, has been matched to meet Jim Felt in a 10-round glove contest which will be decided in the Favalona Rink, Jersey City, where the great Jack Dempsey lowered the colors of the much talked-of wonder, Dominick McCaffrey. Felt's debt to meet any man in Am rises after according to London rules or "Police Gazette" rules, has gained the Anglo-American boxer quite a name, while his quick victory over Harry Langdon on one night, and his victory over the heavy-weight Ferguson on the night following has gained for him a staunch backer who stands ready to back Felt against any boxer now in the ring in this country. The contest between Lannon and Felt will create nearly as much interest as the McCaffrey and Dempsey contest, owing to the fact that Felt is eager to meet Dempsey in the arena.

A tremendous crowd filled Music Hall, Lynn, Mass., on Feb. 21, to witness the boxing and athletic contests under the auspices of the Lynn Baseball Club. William Mahoney of Boston was introduced as master of ceremonies, and he then announced that the first to appear in a friendly bout with the soft gloves would be Hannan of Haverhill and Billy of Bangsue. Their turn was done in good shape and called for loud applause. Frank Steele and Jack Williams next came on, and their bouts were also good. Jimmy Carroll, of Holyoke, the champion feather-weight, and J. Graham did a neat job with the gloves, and were well received. The wrestling match between Harrigan of Upper Falls, N. H., and Eugene Wiswell of Lynn, for \$50, best three in five falls, was awarded to Harrigan, Wiswell having lost his grip. Joe Lannon of Boston and Steve Taylor of New York created much applause in their exhibition, and Mike Daly, the "champion light-weight" of America was greeted with thunders of applause on his appearance. Other well-known sparrers appeared and gave exhibitions, making it one of the best athletic exhibitions ever given in Lynn.

Jem Howse, who trained Jim Smith for his fight with Jake Kilrain for \$10,000, the "Police Gazette" diamond belt and the championship of the world, is a warm friend of Billy Richards, superintendent of the Chicago Amateur Athletic Association's grounds. On account of the many stories of the fight being a "fake," Richards wrote to Howse asking him for the facts. A few days ago he received a letter dated London, Jan. 25, in which Howse declares the fight to have been on its merits. He says he was to have received \$250 if Smith won, but got only \$50, which Smith voluntarily gave him after receiving the check from the stakeholder. Of Smith he says: "He is as game as it is possible to make them—fought against nature from the fourth round. I never saw in all my life such a hit. He ought not to have got it. He rather underrated Kilrain, and went in to do a thing which had it come off, the fight would not have lasted as long as it did; but it came off against him. The blow was a straight right hander on the ear. He was 15 stone 12 (180 pounds) and it fairly lifted him off his legs and, I assure you, he did not shake the effects of it off until the 27th round. Then he began to fight in his real form, and would have won but darkness setting in. Richards says he is satisfied that the fight was on the level. He knows Howse; would tell him the truth, and will take his story against any of the fake stories that are being circulated. Howse, he says, is not only a reliable man, but has plenty of experience and is probably as good a judge of fighters and ring matters as any man in the world.

Prof. William Miller, the champion all-round athlete of New South Wales called at this office on Feb. 21, post-d a forfeit of \$250 in Uncle Sam's treasury notes, and left the following fair and business-like challenge:

NEW YORK, Feb. 21, 1888.

To the Sporting Editor:
Sir—Having issued various challenges through the press of several cities in America for big money which have not been accepted, I now issue the following challenges which will come within the scope of athletes who consider that they have a chance against me. I may state that I claim the athletic championship of the world, and which claim I have always upheld by putting up a substantial deposit with the leading sporting papers in all parts of the world to make a match, and the press of America, England, Australia and New Zealand, have acknowledged my claim to the title. I now deposit \$250 with Mr. Richard E. Fox, of the POLICE GAZETTE to bind a bona fide match. I hereby challenge any two athletes in the world to contest against me at boxing, Greco-Roman wrestling, heavy dumb-bell lifting, foil fencing, broadsword exercise (basket sticks to be used) for \$500 a side. The two athletes accepting this challenge to divide the exercise among them, and the winner of most exercises—the two athletes combined or myself—to be declared the victor. I will also make a match against any athlete at boxing, Greco-Roman wrestling and heavy dumbbell lifting for \$500 a side, the winner of most exercises to be declared the victor; and am prepared to back myself against any one in the world at boxing and Greco-Roman wrestling for \$500 a side. Should each win an exercise the one winning in the shortest time to be declared the victor. If any of these challenges are accepted, the match to take place publicly in any city and building in America to be mutually agreed upon. Yours, &c.,
WILLIAM MILLER,
Champion Athlete of the World.

Prof. Miller has a world-wide reputation. He has won his spurs by showing his supremacy in athletic contests at walking, wrestling, glove fighting, dumbbell lifting and fencing, consequently he is a genuine and, to use an English phrase, an out-and-out champion. He is ready to enter the arena against any athlete and his challenge, backed up with \$250, should prove it.

REFEREE.

Interest in the Coming Contest
Between McAuliffe and Kil-
len at San Francisco.

McAULIFFE'S GRAND CHANCE.

At San Francisco there is considerable excitement over the approaching glove contest between McAuliffe, the heavy-weight champion of the Pacific coast, and Pat Killen, of Duluth, Minn. I understand that if McAuliffe succeeds in conquering the Duluth boxer he will be matched to meet any of the many heavy-weights now in this country.

It is just possible that McAuliffe will find Killen a foeman worthy of his steel, and Killen will be a first-class trial horse to try the merits of the Pacific coast champion, and if he succeeds in giving Killen his quietus as easily as he did "squatch" Paddy Ryan, sporting men this side of the Rocky Mountains will have a better opinion of his fistic abilities; but unless he defeats the heavy-weight from Duluth his recent quick and decisive victory over Paddy Ryan will be looked upon as a "fluke," and he will cease to shine as a pugilist in the pugilistic horizon, to say nothing of being looked upon as a coming candidate for the heavy-weight championship.

At present McAuliffe is a great card on the Pacific slope, and there are sporting men ready to back him owing to the admirable form he displayed when he so quickly put the ex-champion heavy-weight to sleep by a right-hand cross counter on the jaw.

It is my opinion that the Pacific coast sporting men, in regard to McAuliffe, are sailing in the same boat that the English sporting men were, prior to the international battle between Jack Kilrain, the champion of America, and Jem Smith, the English champion.

Smith had defeated Jack Davis, and would probably have conquered Alf Greenfield. On the strength of these contests they looked upon Smith as a pugilist who was invincible and a second Tom Sayers, and when the match was ratified for Kilrain to meet Smith in the orthodox twenty-four foot ring for \$10,000 and the championship of the world, the match was looked upon as a certain victory for Smith; and from the day the match was made until the day of the arena met in static array, odds ranging from 3 to 1 up to 7 to 1 on the English champion's chances of victory, were laid.

The great contest, which was fought on December 19, 1887, on Island St. Pierre, proved that these great judges of pugilism and pugilists were all at sea, for the American champion, who was both in this country and in England looked upon as only a third-rater, proved that he was the best pugilist ever seen in the ring, battling according to London rules, during the past three decades.

It may be just possible that McAuliffe, the present champion of the Pacific coast, may, after his battle with Killen, just dwindle away into insignificance. Of course this is only my opinion, but only when the men meet in the ring of ropes can the question be satisfactorily settled.

By the way, I read a letter from Blakeley Hall, the regular correspondent of the New York Sun, who was present at the Kilrain and Smith battle, published in the Sun on Feb. 21. In the letter Blakeley Hall emphatically stated that the Kilrain and Smith battle was a fair and manly contest, and that it was not a put up job, as has been alleged, and that both pugilists did their best to win. I was surprised that the Sun published the letter after all the rot they have published stating that the fight was a fake.

On the 30th of December, 1887, the "Sun" published the report of the Kilrain and Smith battle, and the report furnished by their own regular correspondent stated that it was one of the most desperate ever fought.

If the long special cabled from Vernon, France, had been sent by any one else than Blakeley Hall, who is one of the most brilliant of American journalists, I should not have been surprised to see them publish the statements they have done since, which made their special cable false and untruthful, and I am pleased to find that Blakeley Hall has refuted the lying statements published by coming to the rescue with a letter which states that the international battle was not a pre-arranged affair, but a genuine contest, and that Kilrain had decidedly the best of the affair and should have won.

Blakeley Hall's letter will be found in this issue, and I think after its perusal every fair-thinking person will come to the conclusion that the battle was genuine, and that Kilrain did all he could to win, and that if darkness had not come on his chances of winning were certain.

Nearly every one posted on pugilism is aware that the light-weight championship of the world was fought for last November, and the principals were Jimmy Carney, the recognized light-weight champion of England, and Johnny McAuliffe, the light-weight champion of America. The battle ended in a wrangle, and the referee decided the contest a draw, which left the title in abeyance at the time.

Later, I understand, Carney posted a forfeit and issued a challenge to meet Jack McAuliffe for \$1,000 a side and the title, but the latter did not accept, and by McAuliffe's failure to accept the challenge he forfeited his title to the light-weight championship of the world, but still retained the title of light-weight champion of America.

Later, McAuliffe, at an exhibition at Boston, it is claimed, retired, and Mike Daly of Boston assumed the title and announced that he was willing to defend the pugilistic premiership against all comers.

It is probable that Daly, when he agreed to assume the title of light-weight champion, knew that to hold that proud badge of office he would be required to accept all challenges and meet all challengers who agreed to meet him in the arena at 125 pounds, and that if he refused to fill the bill in this respect he would have to forfeit the title.

About four weeks ago Billy Dacey, the well-known light-weight boxer of New York, who is a red-hot candidate for the light-weight championship, put up \$100 deposit and issued a bona fide challenge to meet the Boston boxer according to the rules governing the championship, for \$1,000 a side.

After the deft was issued and cast broadcast over the land, sporting men were confident that the new light-weight champion would pick up the gauntlet and in a quiet, business-like manner ratify a match, but they were mistaken. Daly made all manner of excuses and refused to meet the New York boxer, and Dacey now claims the title, and his backers, who I am well acquainted with, are ready when any one signifies their willingness to meet Dacey to arrange a match.

By the way, I had in my possession on February 21 a letter that was forwarded to Billy Dacey from Boston, and it was signed by Billy Daly, Mike Daly's backer or trainer; he put blank refused to meet Dacey to contend for the light-weight championship. Further, it stated that if Dacey would agree to arrange a 10-round glove contest with Mike Daly that the latter was willing, with the proviso that if neither was defeated at the end of the tenth round the referee should decide the match a draw.

Now, I should like to know what kind of a champion Mike Daly is to make such a proposal. Why should a

champion desire to box ten rounds and stop at the conclusion if he was the genuine article in quantity and quality? It is such pre-arranged affairs that disgust the confiding sporting public, for they pay to witness what they consider is going to be a genuine contest, but after they have paid a high tariff they do not see the end of the show they have paid to witness.

Dacey very properly up an down refused to engage in such a contest, and he informed the "light-weight champion" that he would meet him, but there must be no bargain in the matter.

No doubt this will open the eyes of many, who look upon Daly as an invincible light-weight champion, especially sporting men in Boston, who recently offered to back him against Jack McAuliffe.

I find the wrestlers have a new game in which they are raking in the shekels both for themselves and the management. A champion, for instance, engages himself to the manager of a theatrical or variety show for a stipulated salary of \$250 or \$500 per week, and then the manager issues a standing challenge, at every place the show appears, that he will give any one \$50 who the theatre champion cannot throw in 30 minutes, and \$500 to any man who can throw the theatre champion in 30 minutes.

The result of this new departure is that the public who visit the theatres where such attractions are offered witness a genuine wrestling, for the theatre champion generally does his best to protect his manager's money, while the volunteer, being aware there is reputation and money if he succeeds in conquering the theatre champion, does his best.

Matsuda Kogoroo Sorakiohi, the "Police Gazette" champion, has for some time been under the management of Abe Leavitt of the Bentz-Sentley Co. and stands champion against all comers.

I was recently requested by Mr. John Donaldson, the lessee of the London theatre, to act as referee in one of these contests, and to oblige the above gentleman and in order to find out if these contests were genuine, I agreed to fill the position.

Over 2,000 persons were in the theatre and Ernest Roeder, the champion German wrestler, who weighs 175 pounds, had decided to try and capture the prize offered.

I have seen bicycle races, walking matches, running races and glass ball shooting against time, but I never witnessed a one-fall time wrestling match. Great interest was manifested over the contest, and, looking at the class of wrestlers, it looked dollars to doughnuts that the Jap should win, although it is a difficult task to throw any expert wrestler in a limited time, unless there is a margin of one hour to do it, and the wrestler who essays the task is a genuine champion.

The Jap struggled to gain half Nelson neck holds and every advantage known in Greco-Roman wrestling, but the powerful German wrestled on the defensive, and while he failed to win a fall from the Jap, the latter failed to gain a fall in the specified time, and the manager of the combination had to pay Roeder the prize offered.

By the way, I learn that William Muldoon, the champion Greco-Roman wrestler, has been working the same game. At Chicago, recently, Muldoon contracted to give Carkeek \$2.50 a minute for every minute after the first five that he would keep from being thrown Greco-Roman style. Carkeek kept his shoulders off the carpet for 17 minutes and 15 seconds, and earned \$50. But it was hard-earned money. The house was packed and the crowd sympathized with Carkeek, and yelled wildly whenever he escaped from a dangerous lock. Frank Glover was referee.

During the first minute and a half Carkeek remained on his feet. Then Muldoon picked him up bodily and threw him down on one shoulder and a terrific struggle for three minutes followed. Muldoon got half Nelsons, wicked arm-locks, and numerous other ugly-looking holds, but Carkeek, displaying great strength and skill, broke one after the other.

At six minutes they were up again for a few seconds, after which Carkeek went voluntarily down on his hands and knees, a position he evidently considered the safest.

For the next five minutes Muldoon forced the work and it was only by dexterous shifts, spins, and forming remarkable bridges from one shoulder to his heels that Carkeek escaped. Then they got up with Muldoon plainly exhausted.

In a scuffle Carkeek forced him to his hands and knees. Carkeek tried to gain a fall and Muldoon rested. After a brief effort Carkeek shook his head and resumed the defensive. Muldoon took a good rest and then renewed the struggle.

During the next four minutes Carkeek had to contend against half Nelsons without number, one full Nelson, and many other holds that threatened to dislocate a shoulder or break his neck. Several times he escaped by "bridging," but finally Muldoon broke the "bridge" and gained the fall. When the contestants arose from the carpet perspiration was streaming off Muldoon, Carkeek's mouth was bleeding, and both were panting violently.

Long-distance pedestrian contests are again becoming all the rage, and judging from the attendance at the recent six-day go-as-you-please, in which James Albert covered 621 miles, 1,330 yards, and the more recent 24-hour go-as-you-please race in this city, long-distance wobbling is just as popular as ever.

In the 24-hour race which ended on Feb. 22 in this city many supposed that Cartwright, the English pedestrian, would have beaten some of the records, either by time or distance, but he did not, although he won the race in a gallop.

After the entries were announced, the race looked to be "a moral" for the English runner, for there was no one entered but what I should term "selling plasters" and miles behind champion form. If Dan J. Herby, Peter Heggelman, John Hughes or Peter J. Panchot had been entered I think Cartwright would have been "drove out" and the public would have a better idea of the Englishman's speed and stamina.

I see by the scores that Cartwright only made 198 miles, which is fast walking, but not running time, and to prove it I give some of the records: A. W. Sinclair, the English pedestrian, has in this country, has walked 190 miles in 23 hours, 43 minutes, 6 seconds, in August, 1881, at Little Bridge, England; again, Wm. Hovey, on Feb. 22, 1878, walked heel-and-toe 127 miles 1210 yards in 24 hours.

In leaving heel-and-toe walking for go-as-you-please or running records, I find that John Hughes, the "Police Gazette" champion, has run 151 miles in 25 hours, 24 minutes, 35 seconds, which is the best on record, and that Charley Rowell has run 150 miles in 22 hours, 28 minutes, 25 seconds, which is 22 miles further than Cartwright traveled, but in 1 hour, 31 minutes, and 35 seconds less time.

Cartwright claims he can beat Rowell's record, but his performance in the Nonnan race does not justify my belief that he can beat either Fitzgerald, Rowell, Heggelman, Herby, Hughes, or the record. I, however, in justice to Cartwright, must say that I do not think he showed his true form.

Albert Edward may receive John L. Sullivan, and be patted on the back by that champion, and although his mother may fume, nothing can be done about it. But a lady of the court has found her cost that others cannot with the same impunity express interest in the prize ring. Some days ago she attended a performance of "Frankenstein," and afterward at Osborne expressed great delight at the travesty of the Smith-Kilrain fight which is introduced into the piece. In the course of her remarks she showed an indiscreet knowledge of the prize ring, and it is asserted that she is now in complete disgrace.

Scientific boxing will probably be permitted again in Philadelphia. Why shouldn't it? There is no athletic exercise which develops a man more than using four-ounce gloves, and the sport is not near so dangerous as catch-as-catch-can wrestling when "everything goes."

LONDON CHAT.

The Great Topic that is Absorbing
the Attention of London
Sporting Men.

A POINT FOR SULLIVAN.

[SPECIAL CORRESPONDENT OF THE POLICE GAZETTE.]

Although speculation has begun on the great turf events, and there is much interest manifested over the Waterloo Cup, Lincoln handicap and other forthcoming fixtures by sporting men, yet the main topic at Tattersall's and the Victoria Betting Club is the Sullivan and Mitchell international fistic encounter for \$5,000 a side, and judging from the gossip and the large amount of money that has been wagered, and the surplus ready at the Pelican, Albert and St. James clubs to wager on the forthcoming event, the great racing fixture at present is only secondary in importance to the international match.

In the clubs the proposed contest is daily discussed; in the Empire, Alhambra and Canterbury music halls the forthcoming encounter is the subject of joke and song, and when either of the great pugilistic quartet, Kilrain, Smith, Mitchell or Sullivan's name is mentioned, loud applause follows, which goes to show the interest manifested in what the French style *la boxe*. Sullivan has many admirers, but they are chiefly among the plebeian class. Among the blue bloods or the nobility he is not popular, simply because several American newspapers publish statements and remarks that are said to have been made by the illustrious pugilist about the Prince of Wales. Sullivan, of course, never made such statements, but you cannot make Lord De Clifford Gordon Cumming, the future King of England's secretary, believe it, although the American recently denied that he ever made such statements.

On the other hand, Mitchell is polished and knows how to cater to the lords and earls who patronize pugilism, and for this reason, no matter how slim his chances are of being able to conquer the American next March, the nobility stand ready to give him their support and wager the money on his chances of defeating his opponent. Sullivan has, however, a large following, and the American sports who frequent Hatchet's and the Criterion think that he will easily defeat Mitchell. At his training quarters the great American pugilist does his work cheerfully, and his trainer says they cannot keep him supplied with foot-balls, as he continually bursts them with his tremendous blows.

No matter what the followers of Mitchell may say, Sullivan can strike a tremendous blow, and if he possesses all the other qualifications so necessary to make a champion pugilist—stamina, gameness, etc.—then it should be long odds in favor of his conquering Mitchell. If Sullivan does not possess all these essential points, then the great American slugger, as he is vulgarly styled at the clubs in this city, will be defeated.

It is understood that the contest is to take place within fifty miles of Paris on March 10. The result of the match is the main topic in sporting circles at Liverpool, Birmingham, and the principal cities in England and Ireland, and the betting on the result has begun in earnest. At the Criterion, Piccadilly, a few days ago, several bets were made. T. W. Brown, of Battersea, has a commission to bet ten pounds against \$300; John Fleming has also staked \$100 against \$150 on Mitchell for Lord De Clifford, while he also put up \$50 against \$100 for his lordship that Sullivan will not beat Mitchell in one hour.

John Percival, of the Victoria Club, and William Riley, of the Greyhound, Newmarket, have commissions from the nobility to back Mitchell; the money will be forthcoming from Captain Drummond, of the Guards, and a well-known lord of sporting proclivities belonging to the St. James' Club. It is now becoming a by-word that Sullivan is not training the way Smith and Kilrain did, and even "Chippy" Norton, at whose hotel Sullivan is stopping, has dropped a hint that if the big fellow would drink less and eat more he would be benefited by so doing.

Recently Charley White, the Duke's Motto, who keeps a betting club at Dalston, and who drives behind a pair of the handsomest ponies in London, met "Chippy" Norton at the Victoria theatre and offered to bet him £200 to £300 that Mitchell would not be beaten in half an hour.

Norton did not accept the bet, when Charley White remarked that he heard that "Chippy" had offered to bet £100 even that Sullivan would whip Mitchell in ten minutes. "I only told Jack Baldock," he continued, "but did not want to book the bet." He offered to bet Norton any part of £200 on Mitchell, but "Chippy" said he had all the money he intended to put out.

It is the opinion of many Americans in London that if there was a syndicate of American betting men eager to put up their money on Sullivan, they could easily book £5,000 on sight, as members of the Victor, Albert and Pelican clubs are ready and willing to invest that amount at events on Mitchell.

There has been no odds offered as yet either by Mitchell's followers or Sullivan's supporters, although many supposed Sullivan would be a heavy favorite. Judging from the large sums already deposited with the betting commissioners and at Tattersall's to invest on Mitchell, the latter evidently will be the favorite, although the American is taller, heavier, and more powerful than his opponent. This is probably owing to the fact that outside of Arthur Magnus, of Liverpool, and Harry Bull, of Windsor, Sullivan has few moneyed supporters, and there is no one eager to speculate on the American's chances of winning. Many Englishmen, while they think Sullivan should win, refuse to back him because they do not want to bet against their countryman.

Mitchell is nearly in fighting trim, and with two weeks more training he will be fit as a fiddle and ready to enter the ring. He daily fights a bag filled with sand and sea weed, which weighs 25 pounds, and judging by the way he strikes it with left and right, his batteries are as strong as ever, besides he strikes a far more powerful blow than he did a year ago.

In an interview with Mitchell at the Horsehoe, he said he was afraid that Sullivan would not ever meet him in the ring. In regard to the battle he said he was certain that he would tire Sullivan out. "Of course," added the Englishman, "I am going to receive a good punching, but you can take my word for it that there will be two at the game. Sullivan may be able to hit harder, but you can rest assured that I shall score one or two good hits that will tell a tale."

"They say Sullivan is doing lots of work, but I know better; he is training like he always did, on good Bass ale. I wish he was training in earnest, because I should then be certain he would play the same game as he did in New York, when he said he was too sick to fight. I want a good square fight with the big fellow on the turf, with the raw 'uns, because it will settle the question in regard to his being game. I cannot say that he will stop, but he has never been tried in a knuckle fight, except with 'Paddy Ryan, and he was no catch or a trial horse for any one."

"Chippy" Norton, who, I think, is Sullivan's backer, has made some big boasts, but Pony Moore offered to bet him £100 that Sullivan would not win and £100 that his gang dare not act in any unfair way at the ring side, but Mr. "Chippy" kept his bank notes in his pocket.

In the Cheesbire "Cheese Inn," Fleet street, a few days ago, Lord Mandeville, who will soon be Earl of Manchester and who is well known in New York, wagered £100 on Mitchell with a well-known bookmaker closely attached to Harry Bull. Charley Bates of Jellington also laid two ponies on Mitchell and the bet was accepted by Frank Hinds.

Jemmy Carney is one of the lions of the prize ring over here, and since the days of old Phil Sampson, John Coltes, "Hammer" Lane, "Tom Lane," Johnny Broome, Harry Broome, Sam Simmonds, Bob Brettie, Bodger Crutchley, Tom and Harry Allen, Joe Nolan, Peter Morris and Morris Roberts no man has made a better name for himself in connection with the prize ring than Jem Carney, the present light-weight champion of the world. He is not a "glove" champion, he has gained this title by defeating all the best men that could be found at his weight.

Carney recently had a show at a benefit at Bingley Hall, Birmingham, and it was a big success. Tony Diamond and Carney made a great display.

It is probable that Sam Reader and Dave Burke, who fought such a game battle last fall, when Reader made Burke lower his colors, will again be matched to mill at 9 stone, or 136 pounds.

In regard to the proposed match between Sullivan and Smith, I think it will hang fire until after the Mitchell and Sullivan match is decided.

A professional Pedestrian Association, which is open to all England, has been established in London, the object being to benefit professional pedestrians when in needy circumstances, and to promote pedestrianism by the aid of handicaps given under the auspices of the Association. The subscription is only one shilling per month, and pedestrians who belong to the Association will form the runners in the handicaps which will be governed by the Association, who will appoint the handicappers and judges.

I learned that Jemmy Carney was to arrive in this city and give Jack Harper what you call in America a boom, so, with Bobby Habbjam, Billy Fox and Sam Blacklock, I journeyed to Waterloo station. On the arrival of the train there Carney met with a grand welcome, and we at once set a bill for the Market House, Chapel street, Islington, the now famous sporting drum presided over by Jack Harper. Smith's famous second, Jem Smith, the English heavy-weight champion, was also present and the greatest excitement prevailed, the thoroughfares for a time being blocked. RED DR. GON.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

E. G. Montreal.—Yes.
W. C. Hayward.—Yes.
D. S. Harrisburg.—No.
J. S. Pottsville, Pa.—No.
R. R. R. Chicago.—Yes.
M. J. Baltimore, Md.—No.
S. J. Rochester, N. Y.—Yes.
SUBSCRIBER, Niles, Ohio.—No.
T. C. New York.—1. No. 2. Yes.
C. B. Centralia, Wis.—Four dozens.
M. S. Willis avenue, Annex Dist.—Yes.
Cady, Mebane, N. C.—No, it is impossible.
A. SUBSCRIBER, Columbia, Pa.—The bet is off.
M. S. B. Louisville.—1. No. 2. G. R. Morris.
E. L. D. Graham county, Ariz.—Jake Kilrain.
E. S. S. Fall River, Mass.—1. 4:25. 2. 4:17. 3. 4:17. 4. 4:17.
C. S. N. Erie, Pa.—Sullivan weighed 195 pounds.
D. S. J. Egypt, Ill.—The party who threw 41 wins.
J. D. M. Savonia, N. Y.—He was born Oct. 15, 1852.
D. A. S. Toledo, Ohio.—The party who cut the Jack.
J. R. New York.—We have not Joe Ryan's address.
C. L. M. Waldo.—There is no such firm in this city.
J. H. McG. Syracuse, N. Y.—1. High deals. 2. Yes.
E. P. San Antonio, Texas.—We are unable to decide.
J. C. W. JR. and FREDERICK, Rye.—We do not know.
C. E. W. Richmond, Va.—Yes, to meet Smith, but not Kilrain.
M. J. Boston.—James Keenan of Boston backed John L. Sullivan.

A. SUBSCRIBER, Altoona, Pa.—1. No. 2. A wins. 3. High deals.
MANY READERS, Philadelphia.—We have not the measurements.

R. O. S., 215 East 118th street, New York.—Whichever claims out first.
N. B. Several of our correspondents' favors remain over to be answered.

M. J. M., Ballston Spa, N. Y.—Sullivan weighed 195 and Ryan 193 pounds.
SAGO, Portsmouth, N. H.—We do not know any one who deals in old coins.

C. S. Wheeling, W. Va.—We do not know Capt. John Trainor's address.
W. T. New York.—John L. Sullivan's parents are natives of Kerry, Ireland.

J. W. Cairo, Ill.—He cannot build out of his hand; only from the cards on the table.
D. J., Kansas City.—Send 25 cents for the "Police Gazette Standard Book of Rules."

E. L. M., Terra Haute, Ind.—1. We cannot inform you. 2. H. M. Johnson and Bethune.
G. H. E., Independence, Kas.—The two men who threw 39 take first and second prize.

A. READER, St. Joseph, La.—1. No. 2. The price of Inspector Thomas Byrnes' book is \$20.
B. D., Bluffs, Ill.—Mitchell weighs 175 pounds, Jem Smith's fighting weight is 195 pounds.

P. L., Wakefield, Mich.—Send for the "Police Gazette Book of Rules." It contains the rules you require.
T. J., Middletown, N. Y.—1. No. 2. Yes, by Charley Mitchell and James A. Hogan. 3. 165 pounds. 4. \$1,000.

FRED MITCHELL, Calais, Me.—We do not know the owner, but will try and find out, and inform you if we succeed.
R. W. BRAHAM, JR., Bingham School, N. C.—Twenty-nine feet seven inches, by John Howard, at Chester, England.

WM. F. F., Albany, N. Y.—1. Write to Wm. F. Cody, Manchester, Eng. 2. We have not the information you want.
E. S. M., Chester Springs, Pa.—Send 50 cents for "The Sporting Man's Companion." It contains all the information.

W. V., Peckville, Penn.—Sullivan and Ryan fought 9 rounds in 11 minutes when they met at Mississippi City Feb. 7, 1882.
W. H. C., Steamer No. 6.—Charles Rowell's best record is 602 miles in six days, made when Patrick Fitzgerald covered 610 miles.

FRED GRUBB, Gallup, Bernallillo Co., N. M.—1. George M., better known as Pony Moore, was born in this city in 1824.
2. No.

M. S., Salamanca, N. Y.—Charles Rowell covered 150 miles in 22 hours 25 minutes 25 seconds, and the performance is the best on record.

IRVING, New York City.—George Hazael won a 6-day race at Madison Square Garden in 1882, covering 600 miles 250 yards. Patrick Fitzgerald was second, George D. Noremee third.

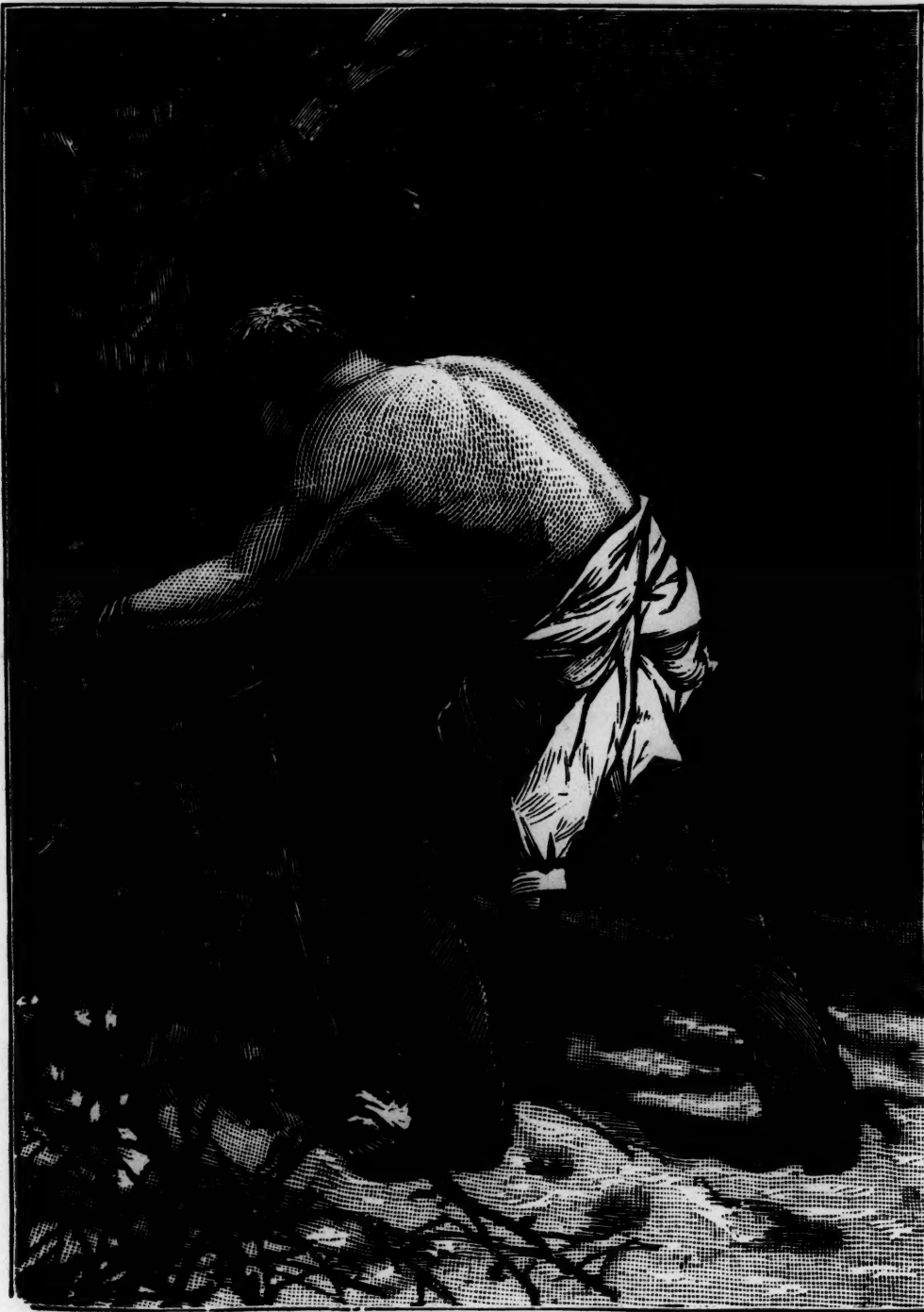
C. M. R., Carabote, Dak.—1. Charley Gallagher won the first fight, knocking Tom Allen out in the second round. The second fight ended in a draw. 2. The shield represents the head.

D. C., Kansas City.—Chas. Mitchell won the battle with Patrick "Reddy" Gallagher at Cleveland, Ohio, on July 29, 1887. The men contested six rounds under the Marquis of Queensbury rules, and at their conclusion the referee, Chas Perkins of Rochester, an old time pugilist who was a member of John C. Heenan's sparring troupe, decided in favor of Mitchell.

M. W., Portsmouth, N. H.—The imported stallion Pizarro, by Adventurer, out of Milliner, she by Rataplan, foaled in 1880, died at McGrathians Stud, Ky., on Jan. 18, 1888, of pneumonia. He was the property of Milton Young, who bought him at Pierre Lorillard's breaking-up sale in 1886 for \$7,500, and he was valued at \$15,000. Pizarro was bred by Mrs. King, and was sold a foal at Danvers in September, 1880, for 400 guineas, to Mr. Woathery, acting for Mr. Pierre Lorillard. He was imported in 1881, and in 1882 ran as a two-year-old in six races, of which he won the last four, viz., in the Atlantic, Red Bank, August stakes, and a purse at Monmouth Park, of the combined value of \$7,250. As a three-year-old he ran in all 21 times, winning ten, and was second and third each five times. His wins included the Ocean and Easton town stakes, and a walk-over for the Trenton stakes at Monmouth Park, his earnings for the year having amounted to \$12,485. As a four-year-old Pizarro only ran once, and then unplaced at 124 pounds to General Monroe for the first Suburban. In 1885 Mr. Lorillard bred Pizarro to The Banish, Sable McNary, Gypsis, Nutwood Maid and Beulah, and entered them for the Futurity to be run this year. For the Futurity of 1889 Mr. Young made two entries by Pizarro, viz., the mares Perfection and Nirvana, while for the Futurity, which closed on the 21 inst., to be run in 1890, he has seventeen entries to the credit of Pizarro.

ADVERTISERS, LOOK BEFORE YOU LEAP.

The Art Photograph Co., Augusta, Me., say they have received 172 cash orders in reply to their ad. in the Kilrain-Smith issue, No. 538.



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JEALOUS BUT UNSUCCESSFUL SUITORS FOR THE HAND OF A YOUNG LADY SEVERELY
PUNISH AN ACCEPTED RIVAL NEAR ST. JOSEPH, MO.



FATAL FIGHT BETWEEN SCHOOLBOYS.

EDDIE MEUTE, OF CUMMINSVILLE, OHIO, IS HELD DOWN WHILE A PLAYMATE
KICKS HIM WITH FATAL RESULTS.

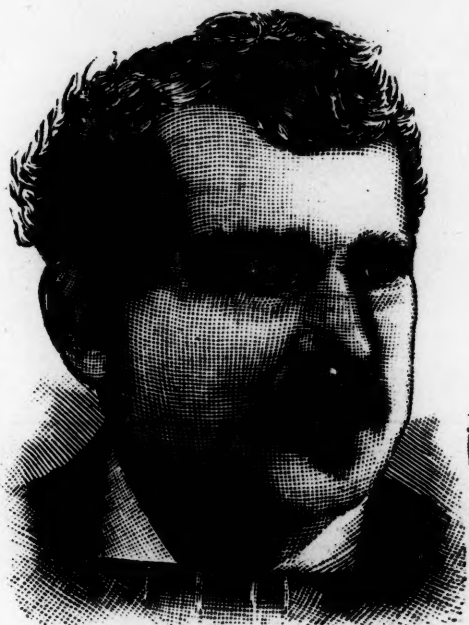


OH, YOU BAD, BAD GIRL.

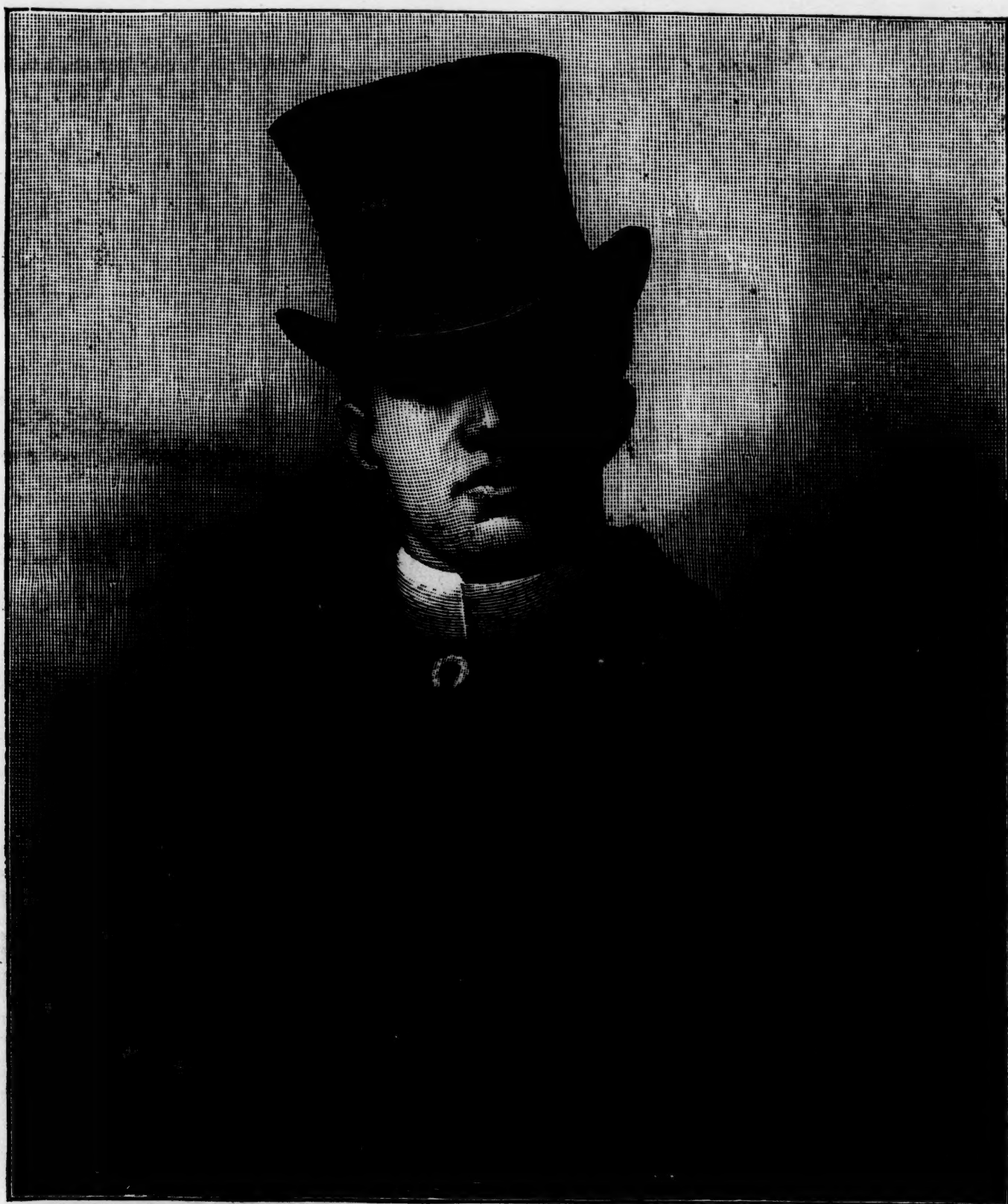
A LYNX-EYED DUENNA RAISES A NAUGHTY SENSATION IN A FEMALE SEMINARY NEAR CINCINNATI, OHIO.



JACK BALDOCK,
OF LONDON, ENGLAND, EX-CHAMPION PUG-
LIST AND CHARLEY MITCHELL'S SECOND
IN THE GREAT MATCH.



GEORGE W. MOORE,
BETTER AND POPULARLY KNOWN AS "PONY,"
FATHER-IN-LAW AND BACKER OF
CHARLEY MITCHELL.



CHARLEY MITCHELL,
OF LONDON, ENGLAND, THE FAMOUS BOXING CHAMPION MATCHED TO CONTEST
WITH JOHN L. SULLIVAN IN MARCH.



CHARLEY ROWELL,
ENGLAND'S CHAMPION PEDESTRIAN AND TRAINER OF CHARLEY MITCHELL IN HIS
COMING CONTEST WITH SULLIVAN.



JAKE KILRAIN,
HERO OF THE GREAT INTERNATIONAL BATTLE WHO WILL ACT AS MITCHELL'S
SECOND IN HIS CONTEST WITH SULLIVAN.

THE CROOKS MUST GO.

For some months past and until a recent period Detroit, Mich., was "run" by the rogues. Reference is not made to scoundrels in office, for while Detroit has her share of that undesirable class, the administration of public affairs is reasonably fair and honest. But her proportion of burglars, thugs, pickpockets, sneak thieves, confidence men and highwaymen has seemed unreasonably large, considering the size and importance of the city. They have carried themselves almost openly and with a characteristic high-handedness, robbing citizens on the streets within a few feet of their homes and before dark, entering houses while the families were absent for only a few minutes, and sometimes when the occupants were present, holding up the inmates and making off with what plunder they secured. It was unsafe for women to walk out with their purses exposed, as the foolish feminine fashion, for purse-snatching was an everyday offense; people did not dare leave their homes to attend church or the theatre, lest they should return to find the plate and other valuables gone, and the risk of men returning home late at night was increased tenfold by the new law against the carrying of concealed weapons. The sandbaggers all went armed to the teeth, of course, while the honest citizen obeyed the law and left his revolver at home where the burglar could find and appropriate it and perhaps assault the owner with it an hour afterwards.

A lot of crooks have taken up their abode in Windsor since the recent cleaning-out process was begun. Just now the efforts of the detectives are directed to discovering who has put in circulation the counterfeit bank bills which are bothering merchants considerably. The issue was made at a recent cocking main, when a large amount was bet by strangers. Since then \$2,000 or \$3,000 of the worthless stuff has been shoved out. The counterfeiters are a very little shorter than the good bills. Two men have been arrested for trying to pass a quantity of the money on a Gratiot street merchant, but before they were collared they managed to get rid of the stuff in some manner, and now the concealed weapon law will have to be depended on to put them where they can't pass any more of the fraudulent issue for at least three months.

RAPING A MARRIED WOMAN.

Bad blood has been stirred up between Charles Haley and W. L. Murphy of Albany, N. Y. About three weeks ago, one evening Murphy, who rooms in the same house as the Halays, made his way to Mrs. Haley's room, in the absence of her husband, and undertook to force her to submit to his lustful purpose. She resisted him desperately and at last succeeded in driving him from the room. More than this she ordered him from the house and not to come back again. Murphy went. Mrs. Haley did not say anything to her husband about the affair, fearing that it might involve him in a difficulty. But he could not help observing the absence of Murphy and naturally inquired of his wife why he had left. For the time she refused to tell him, but being pressed for the reason she gave it. Before doing so, however, she exacted a promise from her husband that he would not say anything to Murphy about it. In obedience to this promise he passed the would-be despoiler of his home by every day without speaking to him.

Sunday night, after Mrs. Haley had retired with her children (her husband slept in an adjoining room) she heard someone endeavoring to open her door. She demanded who the intruder was, and he made some reply, sufficient for her to recognize the voice as that of Murphy. She aroused her husband, and by the time he could get to the door the man had gone. Murphy was subsequently arrested.

SHE BEAT HER CHILD TO DEATH.

A peculiarly brutal deed occurred in a Crawford street den, Nashville, Tenn., on Feb. 22. A negro woman inhumanly beat her six-year-old boy to death. Her story is that she punished the boy for stealing coal, of which she had vainly tried to break him, and that she did not intend to seriously injure him. The boy said that his mother sent him to a coal yard, ordering him to bring back a bucket of coal, but gave him no money. The man caught him taking the coal and followed him home. When his mother heard it she pretended to have given him the money to buy it, and picking him up slammed him against the wall, breaking one arm and crushing in his side. Then she took a leather strap and beat him with the heavy end until his screams brought in the neighbors, who summoned the police and had her arrested.

The child was put to bed and medical attention summoned, but was dying. He spoke with the greatest difficulty, and nearly altogether by signs and nods of the head. The child was a frail little fellow, who has many times before been subjected to cruel treatment because he could not steal without detection.

A JEALOUS WIFE'S REVENGE.

The State Board of Pardons at Topeka, Kan., has submitted to Gov. Martin for his clemency a very peculiar case. Jacob Cumberland and his wife separated in Dallas, Texas, in 1880. The wife and family went to Osage Mission, Kan., and several years later were followed thither by Cumberland, who begged for a reconciliation for the good of the children. His entreaties were stubbornly refused. The day following, while in company with his father half a mile from the village, Curtis Cumberland, fifteen years old, accidentally shot himself with a revolver, the ball taking effect in the brain. The father, putting the boy in the wagon, drove rapidly to the wife's house. The woman forced the boy, who lived only a short time, to say in the presence of witnesses that his father shot him. Cumberland was tried within nineteen days, and sentenced to be hanged. The laws of the State make capital punishment optional with the Governor, and Cumberland was sent to the penitentiary there four years ago for life, and is now serving his sentence, awaiting the action of the Governor. The woman's incentive was extreme jealousy of her husband, of whom she was ten years the senior.

BRUTAL PARENTS.

The most interesting and important case that has been docketed in Appanoose county for some time, says a special from Des Moines, Iowa, Feb. 19, has been on trial in the District Court at Centerville during the past week. It is the case of the State vs. Mr. and Mrs. Harvey Merkle for assault with intent to commit murder on the person of a little ten-year-old girl that they had adopted. The testimony showed that the child had been treated in a horrible manner. Scars and ulcerated sores are to be found all over the child's body, which were caused by burning with a hot iron and beating with sticks and straps. The child's own testimony is a strong proof of the many different

modes of torture that she had to bear. The court room has been crowded all the week, and a great deal of public interest and sympathy has been worked up in favor of the little girl. Yesterday afternoon the case went to the jury, and they returned a verdict of guilty.

A GIRL'S SHOCKING DISGRACE.

[SUBJECT OF ILLUSTRATION.]

Among the prisoners who were taken to the penitentiary from San Antonio, Tex., recently, was Rosa Schmidt, a German girl, eighteen years old, who was under a two years' sentence for forgery. She was quiet and submissive, but, despite this, the man in charge placed a chain around her fair neck and yoked her closely to a brutal negro criminal who goes up for a term of years. In this condition she was driven to the depot, and in this condition she will probably make the long trip to Huntsville. The action of the contractor has awakened widespread indignation. All the newspapers there have denounced it editorially in the strongest terms. The most determined efforts will be made to secure the immediate intervention of executive clemency.

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Big G has given universal satisfaction in the cure of Gonorrhea and Gleet. I prescribe it and feel safe in recommending it to all sufferers. A. J. STONER, M.D., Decatur, Ill. PRICE, \$1.00. Sold by Druggists.

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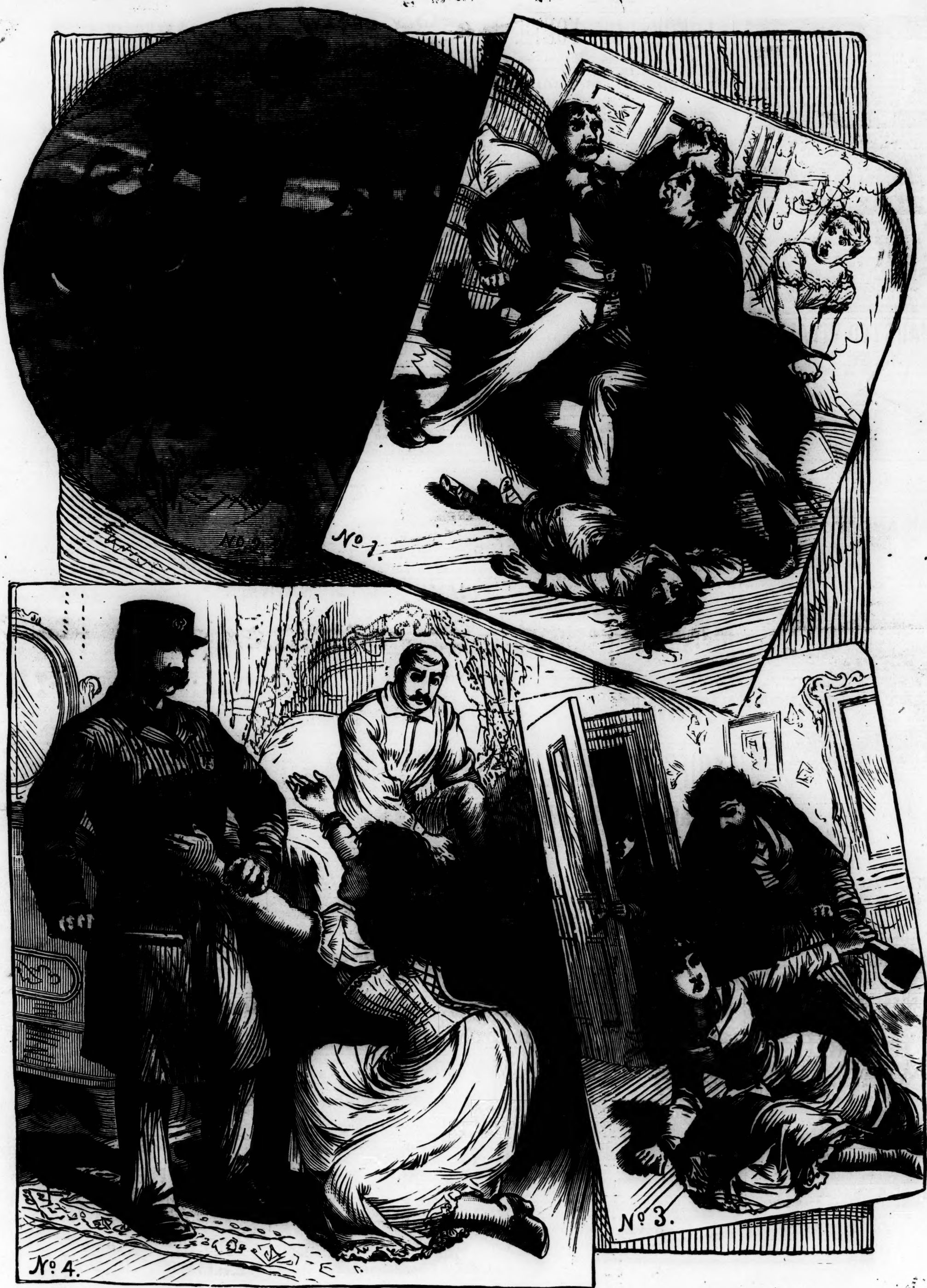
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SENSATIONS OF THE WEEK.

- 1.—SHOCKING RESULT OF A WIFE'S INFIDELITY AT BALD KNOB TOWNSHIP, MO. 2.—DARING FEAT PERFORMED BY DICK ROCK AT LIVINGSTON, MON. 3.—A SOUTH WASHINGTON, D. C., MOTHER ATTEMPTS TO MURDER HER CHILDREN. 4.—A NOTORIOUS HOUSE RAIDED AT CINCINNATI, O.